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PUBLIC INSTRUCTION.

THE system of public instruction in the state of New-York is divided into two classes : one embracing the colleges and academies, and the other the common schools,—the former aided by a fund, denominated the literature fund ; the latter, by the common school fund. The literature fund, intended for the promotion of the higher branches of education, is under the control of the regents of the university. The Board of Regents is composed of twenty-one members, including the governor and lieutenant-governor, who are *ex officio* members. They are appointed by the legislature, and may be removed by a concurrent resolution of the two branches. To this board belongs the power of conferring degrees in the arts and in medicine, and of choosing the professors of the medical institutions of the state. They are required to visit and inspect all colleges and academies, examine into the condition and system of education and discipline, and to report to the legislature annually. They have the control of the whole of the income of the literary fund, and are bound to distribute the same annually. The distribution is made by dividing the whole amount into eight parts, corresponding with the senate districts of the state, and giving to each incorporated seminary, exclusive of colleges, within the district, and subject to the visitation of the regents, a sum proportioned to the number of pupils in each seminary, who, for four months, shall have pursued therein classical studies, or the higher branches of English education. The students must have advanced so far as to have read in Latin the first book of *Æneid*, or beyond such knowledge of arithmetic, including vulgar and decimal fractions, and of English grammar, as is obtained in common schools. They require from the academies an annual return, stating the number of pupils, an account of the studies pursued, the value of the library, philosophical and chemical apparatus, and the mathematical and other scientific instruments, belonging to the seminary, the names of the instructors, with the amount of compensation, and an account of the funds of the institution, and of the application of the money last received from the regents. Returns, embracing the results of meteorological observations, have generally been made to them—results which have received the highest compliments from the scientific

men of Europe. The state of New-York, in co-operating with the War Department of the United States in collecting meteorological information, will contribute powerfully to the cause of science, and to the reputation of the country.

With a population of 340,120, in the year 1790, one college, containing forty students, and two academies, containing one hundred and fifty-nine students, were in operation in this state. The following statement presents, at the present time, with a population in this state of at least two millions and a quarter, a list of these institutions, with the number of the students:—

Colleges,	5
Medical Colleges,	2
Academies,	68
Students in the colleges, including those in the preparatory schools connected with Columbia college,	763
Students in the academies, pursuing classical studies, and the higher branches of English education,	3741
Other students,	1555
Whole number of students in academies,	6134

This enumeration does not include the number of students in the University of the city of New-York, or of the five academies, no returns having been made by these institutions, at the date of the report of the regents, to the legislature.

The amount of money distributed amongst the academies, during the last year, amounted to the sum of \$12,000. The colleges, as we before stated, are excluded from a share of this fund; but the following summary of the amount of monies given to colleges and academies, will show the liberality of the state in this matter. The item in the following statement of miscellaneous appropriations, includes grants to the Historical Society of New-York, societies for the promotion of agriculture, a State Library, and preparing a map of this state. The statement is taken from Mr. Butler's valuable discourse (to which we are greatly indebted for information) before the Albany Institute in 1830:—

Grants to Columbia college,	92,375.00
Union college, without including the interest, which is to be raised as well as principal,	332,135.46
Hamilton college, without interest,	90,000.00
College of physicians and surgeons in the city of New-York,	71,000.00
Do. in the Western District,	20,000.00
Monies distributed,	120,188.83
Grants to academies by the legislature, (money,)	27,268.82
5565 acres of land, estimated at \$4 per acre,	22,260.00
Miscellaneous appropriations,	147,842.80
	<u>\$923,070.91</u>

From a statement made by Hamilton college, it appears that the colleges in the surrounding states contain two hundred and seventy-two students from the state of New-York. With the advantages possessed by us, ought not the people of this state so to regulate the highest seminaries of learning, as to induce our young men to remain at home. The elevation of the standard of studies would tend to produce this result. Taking into consideration the situation of our population, we have every reason to congratulate ourselves on the present state of education in our colleges; but if we desire to have our graduates distinguished as ripe and finished scholars, we must advance. In comparing the list of studies pursued in this country with that adopted in European universities, we will be astonished to find what a mere skeleton of instruction our system presents. We should have a deep and extensive knowledge inculcated in our highest seminaries. Let not a smattering of learning be their characteristic. If we permit the standard to be low in these institutions, (considered the representatives of the best education our children can receive,) the amount of instruction in the schools below them cannot be of that character demanded by the wants and character of the people. There are institutions in this country whose professors have added, by their labors, to the mass of human knowledge. The gems of literature and science collected by them, have been of incalculable value, and we have reason to be proud, that to the students of the new world the inhabitants of the old are indebted for a large share of information. But still our colleges are far behind in the race of usefulness. A more expanded view must be taken of the studies which ought to be pursued; and a system should be adopted which would prepare the graduate for the active pursuits of life, and render him capable of applying, in the daily strife, the rules he had been taught to follow, and using powerful weapons, to the use of which he had been previously exercised.

The scale established in the European universities may be deemed too high, to be attained by us at present; but allowing that the whole may be considered too extensive, as regards us, ought not some endeavor be made to approach somewhat nearer than we are, to the transatlantic course. A small portion of *nimis ultra* ambition would, in this instance, not injure us.

The divisions arising out of sectarian feeling have, in many instances, operated disadvantageously. A rivalry has grown up in matters of things not of this world, and the friends of the different institutions have, in many instances, lamented the existence of a spirit which has often checked the benefits to be derived from the schools. A deep and lasting cause of regret would be the continuance of this feeling. The University of New-York, deeply impressed with the importance of the subject, has established a professorship in this science, and engaged the services of a distinguished jurist, whose labors in this department will increase the lustre of the reputation already acquired by him. The

education of the children of the republic is, indeed, an universal cause, and should embrace every man, be he Christian or Jew, believer or unbeliever, striving with one heart to promote the greatest happiness of all, and animated with no mean rivalry, but with the generous emulation of surpassing each other in a cause which will contribute to the general welfare.

The medical colleges of this state have received a large portion of public bounty. By the present enactments, it is evident that while an advantage is given to the state institutions, men of talent will not engage in the business of delivering lectures on medical matters. Legislation which restricts in any way the diffusion of information, or grants a monopoly of teaching in any branch, must be of questionable advantage. We would not deprive the medical student of the advantage of receiving instruction from any of the eminent men of the profession—nor the community of the fund of information which would be imparted in the lectures of experienced professors—no matter whether delivered under the auspices of the state or not. The ability employed in the present colleges, needs no statutory protection. It is fully able to compete with the industry and power of mind by which it is surrounded. Competition would give new impulse, and arouse the different professors to a greater exertion of intellectual power, than they will ever make while suffered to remain undisputed masters of the field. By abolishing our restrictions, the character of the profession would find its natural level—while the students and the public would be, undoubtedly, rewarded with an increased amount of information. The sole question in which the public is concerned, is, not where the student obtained his knowledge, but what may be the extent of that knowledge. Examination ought to turn, as in the legal profession, on the competency of the individual candidate to perform the duties of the station to which he aspires—why not, therefore, permit the student to learn from whom he may choose? Let a board of examiners be appointed to make the investigation into the qualifications of students, and by that board let the certificate of competency, the license to practice, be given. Such freedom of instruction would add new vigor to the medical system, and be productive of great advantage.

In our colleges, it would, undoubtedly, be desirable to turn the attention of the students to the modern languages. Our extended commercial operations demand a knowledge of this nature, and it is of that character which will benefit its possessor in every situation of life. In but few of our institutions, are law professorships established. The lectures of Chancellor Kent, the professor at Columbia College, will long remain as an evidence of the erudition of the author, and a credit to the institution with which he was connected. The science of political economy is now in a very neglected state. In one of our colleges,* how-

* Columbia College.

ever, an able advocate of the science, has for years delivered lectures, and still continues, not only by his lectures within the walls of the college, but by his luminous publications, to promote the extension of knowledge adapted peculiarly to this growing nation. It would be a proud gratification, to know that in every institution this science was taught, and a prospect was before us of a thorough understanding of a study which is operating on the daily business of life.

The common schools of this state should be peculiarly the objects of its guardianship. As the primary institutions in which the foundation of future characters are to be laid, and the principles whereby the conduct of the citizens will be regulated, are to be enforced, they present themselves to our consideration in a strong light, and appeal to our feelings in a manner which cannot be neglected. There are defects in the system, which cannot but be observed; nevertheless, it has thus far produced such results as to give us greater hopes of its improvement, while at the same time we have no reason to regret its past operation. The past has no dark spots to which we can turn our recollection so as to cause us to repine; the future opens with bright and gleaming prospects.

To the last report, made by the present superintendent of common schools, we are indebted for the statement which we give of the condition of these establishments—the number of children educated, and the amount of monies expended by the state, together with an estimate of the expense of the whole system.

“The whole number of children over five, and under sixteen years of age, residing, on the last day of December, 1833, in the districts from which reports have been received, was five hundred and thirty-four thousand and two; and the whole number of children who had received instruction in the same district, during the year 1833, was five hundred and thirty-one thousand two hundred and forty. The exact average period of time during which the whole number of children taught, have attended school, cannot be ascertained. The reports show only how long the schools have been kept open, and how many children, during that period, have received more or less instruction.

“By the reports of the commissioners of common schools, it appears that the sum of three hundred and fourteen thousand eight hundred and eight dollars and thirty-six cents, was paid by them to the trustees of the several school districts, in April, 1834. The amount of public money expended by the said trustees, in the year 1833, was three hundred and sixteen thousand one hundred and fifty-three dollars and ninety-three cents; of which sum, one hundred thousand dollars was received from the common school fund, one hundred and ninety-seven thousand six hundred and fourteen dollars and thirty-seven cents, was levied by taxation upon the property of the several inhabitants of the several towns and cities of the state, and eighteen thousand five hun-

dred and thirty-eight dollars and fifty-six cents, was derived from the local funds belonging to particular towns.

"The amount paid for teachers' wages, besides public money, is three hundred and ninety-eight thousand one hundred and thirty-seven dollars and four cents, and exceeds by the sum of twenty-eight thousand four hundred and forty dollars and sixty-eight cents, the amount paid for teachers' wages, besides public money, in 1832. The whole amount paid for teachers' wages, is seven hundred and fourteen thousand two hundred and ninety dollars and ninety-seven cents, from which should be deducted a few thousand dollars expended by the public school society in the city of New-York, for school-houses.

"During the year ending on the 30th of September, 1834, the productive capital of the common school fund, has been increased by the sum of thirty-six thousand two hundred and seventy-four dollars and ninety-three cents; and it now amounts to one million seven hundred and ninety thousand three hundred and twenty-one dollars and seventy-seven cents. The actual receipts on account of revenue, during the year ending on the 30th of September, 1834, amount to one hundred and four thousand three hundred and ninety dollars and seventy-eight cents.

"In 1833, the superintendent made an estimate of the sum expended upon the common schools during the year 1831. Assuming the basis of that estimate to be true, the expense of the common school system in 1833, would be as follows :

Interest at 6 per cent. on \$2,116,000, invested in school-	
houses,	\$186,960 00
Annual expense of books for 531,240 scholars, at fifty	
cents each,	265,620 00
Fuel for 9,580 school-houses, at 10 dollars each,	95,800 00
Public money, as appears from the returns,	316,153 93
Amount paid for teachers' wages, besides public money,	
as appears by the returns,	398,137 04
	<hr/>
	\$1,262,670 97

"This estimate does not, it is believed, exceed the actual expense of the common school system, as there are several items, (of these, is the expense of keeping school-houses in repair,) which, from their uncertainty, have not been admitted into the estimate.

"It would appear, therefore, that the whole amount expended on the schools, in 1833, was one million two hundred and sixty-two thousand six hundred and seventy dollars and ninety-seven cents. Of this amount, the common school fund paid one hundred thousand dollars, a little less than one-twelfth part; a little more than two-twelfths were levied by tax upon the towns and cities, with the exception of eighteen thousand five hundred and thirty-eight dollars and fifty-six cents, derived from

local funds; something less than three-twelfths was paid by taxes levied upon the school districts by vote of their respective inhabitants; and more than six-twelfths was voluntarily paid by the parents and guardians of children receiving instruction.

“ Thus it appears, that three-quarters of the whole amount annually expended upon the common school system of the state, is paid by taxes imposed upon themselves by the inhabitants of school districts, or by voluntary contributions of the parents and guardians of children receiving instruction.”

THE LITERARY LOVER.

THE rose's sweetest glow has not
Departed from her cheek,
Nor have her glorious eyes forgot
The tongues they used to speak;
Yet certain changes time has wrought,
And round that lofty brow,
Are traces of maturer thought—
I think—she'd *have* me now.

Years have not touch'd her loveliness,
Nor dimmed its gentle ray,
Nor made one outward charm the less,
Since that all-nameless day;
All that she was is there,—but there
Is not the thing I loved,
My own high dream of what, with care
And toil, she might have proved.

What canvass Hope had then to fill,
What shapes her pencil drew,
When those rich energies were still
Elastic, pliant, new.—
To concentrate, to guide, direct,
Impel their glittering train;
Presumptuous was the wish perchance,
At all events—'twas vain.

She deem'd herself a pearl more worth
Than all the sons of men,
And might have been—Oh, heaven and earth!
What might she not have been!
But cheated of its food, her mind
Hath fared almost like him,
The self-admiring youth, who pined
Upon the fountain's brim.

She trusted all too much to Heaven,
 Nor deemed she'd aught to do,
 But nature that had promise given,
 Would give performance too—
 As if our minds grew ripe and rich,
 Like the unmeeting grain,
 Poured from the summer's clouds to which
 Comes eke the "latter rain."

The soul that might have risen to seek
 The founts Minerva used,
 Lulled by the praises of a clique,
 Deluded, mock'd, amused—
 Idle, with undeveloped powers
 And unexpanded wings,
 Flung all to waste those precious hours,
 And scorned those holy springs.

She sought her Phoenix mate in vain,
 And now that hope is over,
 It seems she haply might be fain
 To take a human lover.
 I will not have her now—I'll try
 My skill some fair to reach,
 That's young enough to learn—when I
 Am old enough to teach.

 EARLY PIETY.

GIVE thy first years to God—let childhood's prayer
 Ascend from lips that know not earthly care ;—
 Be the true staff of wisdom by thy side,
 The first frail steps of infancy to guide ;
 And when life's sun is brightest, and the bowers
 Of young existence only offer flowers
 Of stainless beauty—let religion's glow
 Be holy on the yet unshadowed brow.—
 So shall thy spirit's loftier manhood be
 From passion's storm and guilt's wild darkness free ;—
 And visions of thine age, like tints of even,
 Bright with unuttered bliss, melt into Heaven.

E.

THE CRUISE OF THE MOHAWK.

BY JACK BLOCK, ESQ. U. S. N.

It was on a cold November afternoon, that Charley Burton was pacing the quarter-deck of the U. S. ship Mohawk, lying in Wallabout Bay, revolving in his mind the probabilities of promotion, prize-money, etc. Now and then his meditations were broken by the plentiful drops of rain, shed by some thick cloud that seemed no higher than the mast-head, which, as it passed over, was succeeded by the light melancholy drizzling, known to sailors as Scotch mist. The appearance of the ship was in conformity with the weather. The topgallant-masts were pointed, ready for fidding, and the dark wet rigging hung in ungraceful bights over the mast-heads, dripping wet. The head rigging was not set up, the decks were encumbered with booms, spars, casks, rigging, etc., the guns were run fore-and-aft, a range of cable overhauled along the deck, the main-yard half-rigged, setting on casks and projecting over the nettings, the remainder of the yards a cock-bill, and the whole ship a picture of discomfort. The sentries, in their gray cloaks, walking their weary posts, with each a bayonet dangling from his hand;—the quartermaster, standing on the tafferel, wiping the accumulated moisture from his glass, and then peering through the mist at every thing that bore semblance of a boat, saving the black launch that lay moored on the quarter with its gang of water-casks on board;—and Burton, the officer of the deck, walking the starboard side of it, wrapped up in an old pea-jacket, and only to be distinguished as an officer, by his station, and his glazed cap with its naval button. Ever and anon the lifting mist would give glimpses of the city of New-York, with its forest of masts, and then throwing its dim curtain again over all, would leave nothing for the eye to rest upon, but the thick fog and the half-dismantled ship.

Presently the sound of oars was heard, and the quartermaster reported the third cutter, coming alongside with the master. "Very well, two side-boys, and a boatswain's mate." The side was piped, and the officer came over it.

"Returned on board, Mr. Burton."

"Very good, sir; do you want the boat any longer?"

"No, sir; just send the sextant-box down into the wardroom, if you please."

"Ay, ay, sir; coxswain, bring up that sextant-box, and let them drop the boat astern; you need not leave a boat-keeper in her."

"Any news on shore, Mr. Fake?"

"Yes, sir, they say we shall sail next week. A schooner has arrived

from Norfolk, with the remainder of our complement of men and mariners, and the skipper is expected, every day, with sailing orders in his pocket, and to-morrow we shall be at it, getting every thing aboard, and all a taunto. Carry that down into my room, coxswain. How did she swing, Mr. Burton?"

"Open hawse, sir, I got a boat out to help her round."

"Very good, sir. I'll go below; we'll get the jib and spanker bent, to-morrow, and see if we can't keep a clear hawse, without using the boats for it." And down popped the sailingmaster.

"A shore-boat coming alongside, with two young gentlemen, sir," reported the quartermaster. "Very good," and Burton jumped on a gun, to see who they might be. They were stranger middies. One, a lad, apparently about fourteen, delicately made, with a good figure, was in a neat undress uniform, seated in the stern sheets, apparently annoyed at the forwardness of his companion, a tall, raw-boned youth, about three years older, who was standing up, declaiming vehemently to the boatman. He wore a blue coat with long swallow-tails, reaching below his knees, with a profusion of buttons, a band of gold lace on the collar, as broad as the stripes of a frigate's ensign, his head was overshadowed by a cocked-hat, as large as a birch canoe, and at his side he wore a broadsword, that might have served Richard Coeur de Lion, but was much too heavy for the use of any modern wight. His form gave promise of great future strength, but all his limbs seemed yet loose in their sockets.

"What's the damage?" exclaimed he, as the boat came alongside.

"Sir?" said the boatman.

"Why, what's to pay?"

"A dollar, sir."

"Well, here's my fifty cents, but I guess I'll make a bargain beforehand, next time;" and he scampered up the side as awkwardly as a bear. "I'd jest as leefs climb a tree," he exclaimed, looking back. The younger officer paid his quota, and followed him. Burton touched his hat; the younger answered the salute, but the elder strode up without ceremony, and exclaimed, "Be you capting?"

"I am not, sir."

"Is the capting to hum?"

"The captain has not yet joined the ship, sir; Mr. Early is the commanding officer."

"I wonder if he is?"

"I suppose, gentlemen, you have come on board to join the ship."

"I spect we be," said the elder; the younger bowed.

"If you'll give me your names, gentlemen, I'll let Mr. Early know you are here."

"My name," said long-splice, "is Silenus Coffin Swain. My uncle, is Capting Coffin, of the Marthy Jane, whaler; likely you know him?"

"I haven't the pleasure, sir"—

"No pleasure, I tell you, he's rough as a shag-bark hickory."

"Your name, sir," turning to the younger.

"Mr. Meryton, sir," slurring the Mr. a little, as if rather afraid of its being a title he had no right to.

"Quartermaster, let Mr. Early know that Mr. Meryton and Mr. Swain are waiting to report"—"Well, gentlemen," said Burton, endeavoring to relieve the natural awkwardness of the strangers, "you are about to join a very fine craft, perhaps as fine a one as there is in the service."

"I spect not," exclaimed Swain, "I seen a bigger one out back, yonder."

"Oh, that is the United States."

"Likely—for she's big as all-out-doors and up chamber too."

Burton looked at his new shipmate as who should say, "here will be sport, my masters, presently," and was going, apparently, to continue the dialogue, when he observed the face of his young companion glowing with shame and feeling so great mortification, that Burton's good nature revolted against increasing it. He said no more, and a moment after the quartermaster returned, and said that the first-lieutenant would be happy to see the young gentlemen in the wardroom. Burton drew near the hatch, as they descended, to hear the interview between them and his superior officer.

"Mr. Meryton," said Mr. Early, as they entered—the young gentleman bowed—"Mr. Swain."

"That's my name," was the rejoinder of the accomplished young man, in a tone that made the wardroom ring.

"Sit down, gentlemen—happy to see you on board. Take a glass of wine, gentlemen. Clean glasses, steward. Friends all well, gentlemen—Mr. Fake, our Master, gentlemen."

"My respects to you, gentlemen, and I hope we'll have a pleasant cruise together."

"Show me your orders, if you please—don't you drink your wine, Mr. Swain?"

"No occasion, sir," was the reply, "but I thank you jest as much as tho' I did."

Mr. Meryton handed his letter, from the secretary, and the other took from his hat a confused mass of papers and letters, commenced assorting them, observing that he had as many papers as a Philadelphia lawyer. "Here, sir," said he, selecting some three or four, including his parchment warrant and a letter to his captain, "I guess there's the hull that has any bearing."

The lieutenant smiled, and after looking them over, returned them, observing that the letter was addressed to the commander. It would be proper for Mr. Swain to deliver it to him.

"Well, I didn't know, but I thought likely you was a kind of parner of his'n, and read his letters. Uncle Coffin's mate reads his'n, when he aint to hum."

The lieutenant smiled again, and telling the two young men that there would be no occasion for their services, for some days, advised them to watch their brother officers, and learn as much of their duty as possible. "We will soon be at sea," he continued, "and shall probably be upon very active service, and then you will have every opportunity of acquiring a knowledge of your duties. Allow me now to introduce you to your shipmates." He then conducted them through the wardroom into the steerage, and after introducing them to the knot of us there assembled, left them to pass through the usual ordeal of quizzes and practical jokes that then were the gentlemen-ushers to a midshipman's reception in the service.

In the centre of an apartment about seven feet six inches long, by six feet wide, exclusive of the narrow berths, and perhaps five feet high, stood a small greasy deal table, upon which were carved the initials of many a reefer with those of his lady-love, fancifully adorned with the resemblance of a true-love knot, sat three or four midshipmen. By the light of a dip-candle you might distinguish a kid, (i. e., a churn in miniature, with a handle to it,) with three or four tin pots, some hard bread, an earthen sugar-bowl with brown sugar, in which stood a large iron spoon, one or two dirks, a Hamilton moose, (the seaman's vade mecum,) and a gunter's scale. In one corner sat a greasy steerage-boy in duck frock and trowsers, who acted as cook, waiter, and valet de chambre to the steerage worthies, employed in cutting up onions and potatoes, to prepare a lobscouse for the evening meal. Overhead there were stuck in beackets, dirks, pistols, cutlasses, smallswords, quadrants, and cocked-hats. In an avenue between this and a similar apartment on the other side of the vessel, hung a large bundle of unblackened boots, that might well have passed for the stock in trade of a cobbler, set off by divers strings of onions, and two or three savory codfish. On one side of this passage, appropriately called boot alley, stood a small locker, or closet, containing the furniture and provisions of the mess, and on the other, were the pumps, from which proceeded a strong smell of bilge-water, mixing its savor with that of the onions and codfish. The berths were over-filled with hammocks, which are in wet weather stowed below, and on the clothes-lockers rested sundry wet pea-jackets, the steam of which, was sensible to smell, if not to sight.

The young men who sat round the table were in undress round jackets, with their tarpaulin hats on their heads, wearing them apparently because there was no convenient place to stow them away. Their black silk handkerchiefs were carelessly knotted round their necks, and their linen appeared to have been donned during some preceding week, but which of the fifty-two it might have been hard to tell.

The new officers were politely received, and room made for them at the table. After it had been ascertained that they had neither been to sea, nor ever been on board of a man-of-war before, one of the officers hailed the mess-boy with, "You shark, go and ask the caterer if he won't step into the steerage—you'll find him snoosing in the gunner's room." The boy dropped his knife, and scuttled along the berth-deck. In a few minutes he reappeared, preceded by a weather-beaten looking man of about twenty-six years of age, but whose word would not have been doubted had he said he was some half-dozen years older. He rolled into the steerage apparently about half asleep, growling out—

"What is the matter now, youngsters; it is not supper-time yet, and what the devil do you want with the caterer?"

"Why, old man, you needn't blow like a porpoise; we want to introduce you to a couple of new shipmates, Mr. Meryton, Mr. Swain, Mr. Dill."

"Humph," said old John, as he held out his flipper, "glad to see you, gentlemen—steerage not quite shipshape at present—overhauling ship, you see; but when we once get under way, get things shipshape, you know." Then looking towards the old ones—"Just caught, eh? fresh as an oyster—boy, give me some grog."

He then took a nip, and then one of the officers asked him if he couldn't give the gentlemen a little of the old Madeira.

"Why, I suppose so, best," was the reply; "but you see, young gentlemen, it's against rules generally; because, as we have to live on our pay and our prize-money, and what little manavolans we can pick up about decks, the regulation is, that we only drink wine on Tuesdays, Thursdays, Saturday nights, and Sundays, you know; but upon such occasions as drinking to a new shipmate, I think it's best not to keep too taught a weather-helm. So here, you slapjack-slinging-son-of-a-sea-cook, look into the lee pantaloons-pocket of my best monkey-jacket, and find the key of the wine cellar, and take all the afterguard down with you, and bring up two dozen bottles of red seal Madeira, you porpoise."

Away went the boy, and Tom walked to the mess-locker, opened the door, revealing some shelves adorned with crockery that showed divers cracks meandering in long black lines through a greasy white ground—tin pots, cans, and kids, &c. After a moment's examination he closed it, and turning to the new comers with a mortified look, apologized for the want of glasses.

"You see, gentlemen, we all got a little sprung last night—two sheets in the wind, and the third shaking. Well, as the first-lieutenant had his beer aboard too, he couldn't row us much, you know: so what does the reefer-rowing, all-hands-calling, trumpet-carrying, son of a gun do, but come down and arrest all the wine glasses and tumblers, and clap 'em in the brig, and there they are, under the sentry's charge, looking

as melancholy as empty grog bottles the morning after a blow out.—Well, and where's the wine," turning to the boy, who came back empty handed as might have been expected, considering there was no more wine belonging to the mess than there was cellar to the ship.

"The captain of the mizen-top says," replied the boy, "that he has orders from the captain of the head, that no combustibles are to be carried about the hold while the magazine is open, and he opened it about five minutes ago."

"Blast the luck," said Tom, "and d—n a negro whitewashed! Well, gentlemen, we'll have a little punch, and that will go about as well. What do you say, Mr. Meryton?"

"Thank you, sir, but I never drink punch, and I should prefer following the lieutenant's advice, and seeing how the duty is done."

"Duty!" replied Tom, "why this is duty, man—it's all duty; this is splicing the main-brace, and freshening the nip, and taking a pull at the haulyards, and bousing up your rigging, you see,—and the devil may tell what all, you know. But what do you say to it, Mr. Swain?"

"Well," responded Varmount, "so far as regards sweetened liquor, a haint no objection, but wine don't find no great call on the Green Mountings. But I want to know if you all live and sleep in this tarnal little room; cause if you do, I guess I'll take my rifle and camp out up stairs to-night."

"Hurra! Green Mounting," exclaimed Tom. "Well, there's some pluck in you about grog; but as for your turning in, or camping out, as you call it, why you've got to learn that you must do just as you're told; and if the skipper says turn in with your head in a bucket of water, you've got to do it, and no grumbling. You're like a young bear yet, all your troubles are to come. And the same with you, my band-box-looking chap," turning to Meryton, "but you'd better try the grog, for it's what you've got to come to, before you've seen the storm stay-sails bent half a dozen times."

Meryton again refused. I had then been but one cruise at sea, but it had been a tough one, as old Tom had been my chief tutor; remembering, however, the hard apprenticeship I had passed, and pitying the poor boy, who had evidently been unused either to hardship or hard living, and was shocked and astonished at what he saw and heard, I resolved to relieve him from the tricks and jokes that were in preparation, so I asked him to walk on deck with me. He accepted the invitation eagerly, and we joined Burton on the quarter-deck.

"Mr. Meryton," said I, after a turn or two, "have you been long acquainted with Mr. Swain?" The young man's eyes sparkled with pleasure as he eagerly denied any acquaintance at all. Mr. Swain had asked him, as he stepped into a shore-boat, whether he was going on board the Mohawk, and upon his answering in the affirmative, jumped into the boat, saying they might as well go on board together.

I had supposed their acquaintance had commenced in some such way, and knowing how unpleasant it is to be suspected of an intimacy with a vulgar, an ignorant, or an ill-dressed man, put the question to relieve him. Men in general do not feel much ashamed of having been intimate with villains, because it only argues want of penetration or little knowledge of character, but an intimacy with the ignorant or vulgar, always carries with it a fear, and almost a consciousness of being of their stamp.

"Burton," said I, "I think you and I had better enter into a league to protect Mr. Meryton against the run that is going on below; he is too delicate and young for horse-play, and they are raising a devil below, that won't be laid short of more pranks than will be good for that Green Mountaineer, and that will amount to more than Mr. Meryton either can or ought to bear."

"Well, Block, I came to that conclusion some time ago; but Mr. Meryton must understand us, and be guided by us, and not mention one word of what we tell him to Varmount. Are you willing to agree to our terms, Mr. Meryton? If you are, we will save you from some unpleasant adventures."

"If I am required to do nothing improper or ungentlemanly," replied the young man, "I certainly shall be very happy to do so."

"We would never advise you, sir, to do either the one or the other. But we will explain to you. The characters those gentlemen below are now assuming are entirely foreign to them; they are all officer-like and gentlemanly young men, with the exception of old Tom, who is, perhaps, too rough for any parlor; he is, however, an excellent officer and a good-hearted man; but having been brought up in the merchant service, and knocked about the world, almost ever since he came into it, he is as rough as a bear, although a good-hearted and kind man. Well, sir, these gentlemen are preparing numerous tricks for you and your companion, and although perhaps the *joco di mano e joco villano*, still I confess I have been long enough on salt water to enjoy the kind of sea wit you are about to see. You we will rescue from it, but you must not say a word to your companion; he is as fair a subject for it as ever put his foot on board of one of Uncle Sam's craft, and neither you nor we could save him if we would, therefore all warning would be thrown away upon him. All you have to do is to remain perfectly silent, (for which, as the Frenchman says, I see that now at least you have a very great talent,) assent to all you hear, and believe nothing. After this night, you will see your shipmates in another and a more pleasant light. Will you do this?"

"Certainly, sir, and be very much obliged to you both, gentlemen."

We spoke to Tom and the others, and induced them to agree to the release of one victim. For further safety we advised him to keep the first watch, and put him under the care of another midshipman.

Burton was relieved, and we went below, leaving our young friend, to whom I passed my pea-jacket and tarpaulin-hat. Every thing was in readiness, and all hands busy teaching Varmount his profession. A hammock was slung, and old Tom, placing one arm in it, threw himself directly in.

"Now, sir, that is the first thing you must learn to do, for this is where you are to sleep."

"I want to know! am I got to sleep in sich a bag? What for? can't I sleep in one of them," pointing to the berths.

"You'll be allowed to sleep there, after you have learned to sleep in a hammock."

The young man placed his arm in the position he had seen, and made a spring, but instead of throwing his body into the hammock, he threw his head up against the beam with very considerable violence.

"Streaked lightnin!" he exclaimed, rubbing his forehead, "I seen more stars than ever there was in heaven, a tarnal sight. That made the fire fly, I tell you."

"Try it again!" was the general cry, "and hold your head well over the hammock."

"Drink this first," said Tom, handing him a pot of punch. He drank it, and prepared for a second trial. After one or two false starts, he made a jump, but his head being well over, he passed through, between the deck overhead and the hammock, and pitched head down on the berth-deck, and heels against the bulkhead. One half encouraged him to continue his attempts, and the other half dissuaded him, declaring it as their opinion, that, although it was the easiest thing in the world, (and each carelessly performed the feat,) he would never be able to accomplish it. Varmount's blood got up, and he swore by the whole list of tarnations, jingos, and gaul-darn-its, that he would do it. Many were his unsuccessful attempts, but the encouragement and commiseration was so judiciously thrown in, and the punch so properly administered, that he never rested until the feat was accomplished.

Mighty was his exultation, and great were the congratulations he received. He was pronounced a firstrater, and it was confidently prophesied that he would make a better seaman than ever stood in his mother's shoes. Tom gave him a slap over his bruised head, and shook hands with him, giving him a grip like the squeeze of a blacksmith's vice. The pots were filled, he was told to give a sentiment. Whether the concussions he had received had knocked his brain into confusion, or whether he did not know how to give a toast, it is hard to tell; but after a good many "well fellers, here's"—out it bolted—"here's luck."

By this time the liquor had made innovation on his brain, and after a short sham consultation, he was informed by Tom, all the rest keeping perfect silence, that it was usual to play some trick on every one who first came on board, but that as he had done so well, he would be let

off; yet, as we could not lose the sport, after all hands had turned in he must let down the youngster that came with him by the head, and so save his own bacon. To this he agreed. He was then shown the string by which the hammocks were tied up, and it was explained to him that young Meryton's would be placed in his hand, and that soon after the lights were put out, he was to let it go, and down the young man would come.

"Up to it in a minute," he exclaimed,—“do it quicker than a streak. Two young bears with sore heads—by lightnin,” rubbing his own noddle, “that beats Varmount.”

At nine o'clock the hammocks were slung, and after depositing Meryton in his, the end of the Vermonter's lanyard was passed through the batten that upheld Meryton's, and placed in its own clue. The Vermonter was allowed a camp stool to assist him in getting in, and after all had retired the lights were extinguished.

A few minutes elapsed, when the Vermonter gave the jerk, but instead of Meryton's coming down, he only launched himself. Immediately the whole steerage was up.

“Sargeant, fetch a light!” “Not hurt, I hope, Mr. Meryton?” “No harm done, is there?” “Mr. Meryton, has your hammock come down?” But Vermont saw through, or perhaps I should say, felt through it, for after a peal of laughter he exclaimed,—

“No, by lightnin, sore-head bear down!” and again he renewed his laughter. A light was brought, his hammock reslung, and he was promised that no further trick should be played upon him. The promise was meant seriously, but the whole affair had made its way instantaneously through the good-natured fellow's battered brain, and promises were of no avail. His answer to every thing was,—

“No, no; bear's head sore enough!” and at the end of each answer he gave a laugh, that proved if he bore all the pain, he bore likewise a full share of the mirth. He stretched his long limbs upon the locker, and the last thing I heard, as I fell asleep, was, “By lightnin!” and then his mountain laugh.

The next day we received our Captain, and orders to fit out and sail immediately: of course there was no time for further mirth or tricks; and duty, promotion, and prize-money occupied all our thoughts. We had a daring captain and a picked crew, and a fat prize, or a fine sloop of war, a leetle larger than our own, was all we desired to meet.

The next chapter will commence our cruise.

SONG.

"WHEN HOPE LIKE SOME YOUNG FAIRY QUEEN."

WHEN Hope, like some young fairy queen,
That lives on dews and flowers,
And with each pleasant forest scene,
Builds up a thousand bowers—
Most gaily speed the hours along,
Untaught to think or sigh,
While days of rapture set in song,
To rise in melody.

How little dream we then, sweet maid,
Thus girt with joys, that we,
From coming hours shall shrink, afraid,
And dread their forms to see—
How little dream we now, that he,
Who weaves this idle strain,
And thou that ask'st it too, may be,
And loved, and mourned, in vain.

The wizard Hope that blinds us now—
The dream that fancy brings,
To cheat the heart and cheer the brow—
Will both have put on wings;
Companions for awhile, they lift
The thought to some ideal zone,
But soon withdraw the glorious gift,
And leave us to our own.

G—e.

THE RANS DES VACHES.

WHEN shall I see, when shall I see,
The objects that my spirit loves,
The friends, the home of infancy,
The maiden and the groves—
The vallies fair,
The waters clear—

When shall I see, when shall I see,
The thousand things I hold so dear?

When shall I see, when shall I see,
As I have seen them oft before,
The gathering crowd beneath the tree,
With her that I adore—
And, happy, hear
Her voice so clear—

When shall I see, when shall I see,
The thousand things I hold so dear?

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF A MEXICAN TOURIST.

NUMBER THREE.

We turned out (at Xalapa) on the morning of the 20th of February at five o'clock, and our muleteers arrived about six, bringing three baggage mules to do the work of two, and eight horses, on which were all the varieties of abominable shapes of saddles that could be made from leather. The high Spanish saddle, rising before and behind, is not a bad thing when it happens to suit the rider tolerably, but of this sort there was but one, which chance assigned to me, and as, instead of wooden stirrups, it had a pair of plain English steel ones, I was so far very comfortable. But the horses were a sad set of skeletons, and mine the worst among them, and knowing that to Perote one way was nearly all up hill, I set out with a feeling of utter despair, which was heightened perhaps by the contrast of a rather good-looking black nag our host rode, to accompany us on our way a mile or two, with the brute I was on. By degrees, as the vile paces of the latter grew more disgusting, I began to think the other a perfect paragon, and at last insisted on buying him, and got him, as I imagined, cheap enough at fifty dollars. My saddle was transferred to him, I bought the bridle for three dollars more, and set off after my companions at a round pace, in the keeping up which I discovered that my new purchase was not a Bucephalus, though he served me on the whole afterwards much better than I imagined from this first essay.—So they did all; the creatures seemed to have known beforehand that they were commencing a long journey, and to have economized their strength; they went on steadily but quietly, and for such things as they were, did wonders. We made quite a martial appearance with our guns all slung at our saddle-bows, and we adopted some military rules to correspond with this imposing display, and give our strength, in case of need, efficiency. We agreed that no man should quit his gun at any time; that we would keep three in advance, and three in the rear of the baggage; and that we would render special obedience to our colonel on all occasions.

Our course lay up hill through a country still rich for some leagues with the luxuriant vegetation of Xalapa, but this diminished as we approached Perote, by the double effect of colder climate and much less fertile soil. Perote is about thirty miles from Xalapa, and about three thousand feet higher, from which it follows, taking three thousand feet to be three-fifths of a mile, that the road must have an average ascent of one degree and four-fifths the whole way. We calculated

this in the rear rank, Sir John, Mr. Grimes, and I, each contributing from his memory such fag-ends of Euclid as his schooldays had left there, and though, I believe, we arrived at the truth at last, some of our first gropings for it were

“A sort of thing at which one would have laughed,
If any laughter at such *theme* could be.”

But mathematical logic is a damper to one's mirth—there is an eternal inexorable immutability about it that fancy can make nothing of, and there is no fun even in its blunders and perplexities. Having found what we sought, therefore, there was an end of the subject, and the next thing that caught our philosophic eyes, was a lunch our muleteers were taking of tortillas, (or flat leathery Indian pancakes,) and red pepper, which is called in the country, chili. The muleteers were malicious enough to offer us some, and we were unadvised enough to bite them; they were a dose for the Fire King to take with his melted lead. We desisted with tears in our eyes, to the very great amusement of the men. What their throats were made of I have no idea, but they must have been pepper-proof.

We lunched at mid-day at San Miguel, a little village on the road, where they gave us eggs and frijoles and pulqué. This is the juice of the maguey or aloe, (*Agave Americana*), a common plant here, which sends up from the ground its long pointed leaves which diverge and grow to the height of three or four feet, and then from the middle of them starts up a stem, which in one season reaches the height of fifteen or twenty feet, and this bears flowers and seeds. This is the course of nature, but the cultivation usually interferes with it by cutting out the germ of this high stem and making a hollow in its place; the leaves then wither and fall to the ground, but the roots continue to pour into the hollow the juices that should have nourished the stem, and thus is produced the pulqué, of which every two or three days some quarts are taken out. It is like an insipid lively beer when new, and in hot weather I found it refreshing, but my companions thought it left a disgusting after-taste, which I did not perceive. Neither did I find the flavor of carrion which many travellers accuse it of; probably this is generated in the skins in which the liquid is frequently transported. One sees sometimes the skins of half a dozen hogs hanging on a line together to be dried, made very clean and semi-transparent, and blown up like bladders, but still retaining the distinguishable shape of the animal. There is another use to which the maguey plant is applied; its fibres make a hard and strong cordage, which serves all sorts of purposes, and especially it is universal for mule halters and for lassos. The lasso, properly so called, for the word is also used to signify a halter, is a long cord with a running noose, which is thrown over animals to catch them, and in skilful hands is a formidable missile; it

is in general use in Spanish America. But in addition to its service in the chase, and sometimes with domestic animals, we heard some terrible stories of its effect when thrown by robbers over men on horseback in case of resistance. The robber, they told us, would have one end of his lasso tied fast to his saddle, and having thrown the other over his victim, would put his horse immediately to the gallop and drag him to the ground, when three jumps would terminate his existence. The defence against this, we were further instructed, was to cut the lasso instantly with a sharp knife, but when I saw a muleteer slashing away at a maguey cord, and with three or four deliberate cuts scarcely getting half through it, I thought it must be singular luck indeed if one should neatly and instantly divide one at a blow, in great haste and in some perturbation and on horseback. However, when I saw the lasso thrown, which seldom takes effect well at more than fifteen or twenty paces distance, I reflected that the robbers would not be likely to use that sort of weapon in preference to firearms, and that to come up coolly and take good aim with a lasso, at a man who was aiming in his turn with a musket, would rather pass the assurance of Mexican robbers, who for the most part are declared on all hands to be cowardly wretches. Our horses and mules got nothing to eat at San Miguel, the muleteers insisting that it would do them harm, and that they never ought to eat on the road; and they prevented me from feeding my own horse, as I did not like to over-rule experience with theory, though I was convinced in my own mind it was mere economy in the case of their own beasts, and that they made me starve mine for the sake of consistency—and when I came afterwards where I could ask questions, I found I was right. As we left the village, some men who were at work in a house sent a volley of abuse after us and some stones, which did no harm, but gave us the first token of the hospitalities of this priest-ridden district. The lower people envelop all foreigners in the same terms of reproach—*Ingleses hereges* (heretics) and *diablos*,—they abuse them and pelt them indiscriminately.

We reached Perote at night, just as they were beginning to light the streets, which they do by means of regular wood fires in iron baskets of very open work, standing on posts six or seven feet high, of which there were about eight in sight in the two principal streets, which cross each other at right angles, and seem to contain nearly all the village. The houses are rough cast over stone, or unburnt brick, one story high to the street, with no windows, so that each seems like a separate fortification. They front inward upon a quadrangle, which in our lodging-house was near a hundred feet square, and had columns and a piazza on three sides, the fourth was a partition-wall dividing this court from another outer one, where were the stables. We got a supper and two bottles of tolerable claret, with beds for six persons, and chocolate in the morning, for thirteen dollars. We were told at supper that some

arrieros had been robbed within two days in the neighborhood, and that our next day's road lay through the most dangerous places in the Republic. The muleteers waited for us to call them next morning, and we helped them too to load their mules; they blinded the perverse brutes to make them stand still, and then made up our trunks and bags, &c., into packages, with India matting, and lashed them on. We set forward at seven—the vegetation grew worse and worse as we went on—the aloe held out longest of our old friends, but disappeared at last, and gave place to burnt grass covering immense plains, where nothing relieved the eye but the mountains in the horizon. Orizaba was still in sight on the south, and on the north was Mount Pizarro, which was nearer and seemed higher, but wanted the crown of snow. As we approached a solitary house, a great ruinous den-like hacienda, Pedro, our younger muleteer, gave us a caution to observe our order, and look out for robbers, and as we passed before the house, I saw a man in the window, that looked almost like a port-hole, a grim-looking Blackbeard of a fellow, considering us as if he meant to eat us all for supper, but he let us go by in peace. We passed another house or ruin or two, and then went on seven or eight miles to a narrow opening through the hills that had bounded our view so long, beyond which was another plain where grew no shape of vegetation, not even a blade of grass. As we approached the pass, however, our commandant galloped ahead and went through first alone, for which breach of discipline, in my quality of president, I gave him a reprimand afterwards in severe terms, and with the most perfect gravity, observing to him, that as our warfare could only be defensive, our only possible tactics were close order and vigilance, and by these he must abide, or be cashiered. However, when he arrived at the pass he saw a single horseman, armed, at half a mile distant, and as the plain was clear, and no party in sight, he gave chase, and the other taking him, perhaps, for a robber, spurred his horse and galloped off into the open plain. Our friend pursued, the stranger made for a stone reservoir which stood at some distance, where was a countryman unarmed and on foot, and there he halted to abide the result, and De Schuchareff coming up to him, very coolly asked him for fire to light a cigar. He was a fine looking mulatto, and rode a fine horse; he had a sword, but showed no firearms, and by the time we came in sight through the mountain pass, our commandant and his new friend were on most amicable terms. We continued on from hence almost six miles, seeing no signs of habitation or vegetation, and scarcely any of life; a solitary mule driver now and then met us, but no wheeled vehicle, nor trains of *arrieros*,—we were on a by-track, to save a few miles, from the great government high road. This deviation did not please us exactly, it might be a decoy, and some dislikes that had been taken at Xalapa to the face of Feliciano, our elder muleteer, were revived and insisted on. For my part I had never shared in these,

and seeing the old fellow jogging along in his saddle most unaffectedly fast asleep, I argued that he could not be plotting treason. In the midst of all these discussions we had not neglected to keep a good lookout, and we had remarked a horseman, one only as we supposed, coming after us obliquely from the left, off the road, and gaining on us, till at last we perceived that instead of one, it was a party of six or seven horsemen at full gallop, in single file, and disposed so doubtless to deceive us. We made the greatest display of arms we could immediately; the party in pursuit halted, consulted together for a moment, and turned back and went off slowly in the direction they had come from. Now, all this was very unaccountable conduct on any other theory but that these men came out to rob us, and changed their minds on seeing that we had many guns and little baggage; we were on a burning desert plain at high noon, six or seven miles from any house, where any other business or pleasure but that of robbing us, could scarcely be invented for such a party.

On these plains we frequently saw the mirage in great perfection; in some cases it exhibited reflections of houses and trees, where there were any, as distinctly as water could, and some of our party would not be persuaded at first that they did not see lakes and ponds all around them.

About two o'clock, having been seven hours on horseback, we came to a little hovel of a tavern, consisting of two rooms, one of which was occupied by a counter to sell liquors on, behind which was a fire and woman cooking, and in the other we found a bed, which a Spaniard and an Indian were using for a card table, and gambling for a few dollars, which the Spaniard put in his pocket as we entered, having apparently *cleaned out* his adversary, who left the room. I sat down on a box at the foot of the bed, thinking within myself that I had never been in a place more like a den of crime, nor among people that looked more capable of committing it. The floor of the room was the solid rock on which the house was founded, still rough and uneven, and a sort of trench, or drain, from six to ten inches deep, was cut across the middle of it to convey off water. Behind was a very coarse chest of drawers, the only article of furniture except the bed, two or three jugs of pulqué, and a sort of wooden frame intended apparently to hang clothes on to dry. There was one small window a foot square, four or five feet from the ground, the wall a foot thick, and no outlet besides but the door, the whole room being about ten feet square. We kept an instinctive grasp upon our guns, and passed the word to be sure all did so, and we eyed every movement of the people about us with nervous suspicion. The Spaniard, who was dressed like a sailor, in a blue roundabout, and duck trowsers, and oilskin hat, attacked us forthwith with conversation; he was evidently drunk, and very voluble; he told me his history, which was of no interest, and manifested an interest in our affairs which pleased

me, if possible, still less. He said we had nothing to fear from robbers, that they never attacked foreigners, that they feared their skill with firearms, their double-barrelled guns, &c. &c. All this he repeated with drunken imbecility a hundred times. At the same time, he said he knew many robbers personally, that they came to him often for supplies of bread, (perhaps he was a baker,) and he had no wish to compromise creditable persons, or get into trouble with his friends. He said, too, there was a great hatred of foreigners abroad in the country, and an impression that they carried off a great deal of money, and then he began to ask questions about our baggage, that did not seem to me altogether disinterested. He was certainly one of the greatest bores I ever met, and as I spoke Spanish more to his liking than the others, I got the whole benefit of his prowess, except when he was urging us to drink pulqué, which he did with great pertinacity and impartiality. The Indian, who had gone out when we entered, came back once and attempted a diversion in my favor; he had raised a dollar, which he showed, and proposed to renew the game. The Spaniard refused, saying he would play when we were gone, but now he preferred conversation—"ahora quiero platica." Very seldom in my life have I seen a human being look so like a cowardly beast of prey as that Indian; he had a face, from which no vice of man that can be expressed in features, was left out. The sight of him helped to stimulate the impatience I was seething with to be off; at last we were told our eggs were ready, and we went into the exterior apartment to eat them on the counter, without knives, forks, or spoons, or chairs, or bread, except a little biscuit we had brought with us, to which our Spanish friend very liberally helped himself. At last we got on horseback, my tormentor still following me up and boring with increased intensity; the woman of the house came for two dollars, pretty dear for a dozen of eggs, but I paid it instantly, and shouted to the muleteers to be off. We were all by this time in a state of nervous excitement, fatigue, hunger, the fear of an attack, and these annoyances had made us irritable, and we were not in all respects quite pleased with each other. Especially I had given offence by letting the Spaniard rob the biscuit bag, and by not disputing the demand of two dollars, and now, when he took advantage of a moment's delay, to tell me I ought to give the hostess a *real* for a "*regalito*," it was still more provoking to see me throw it to her at once. But what was my astonishment in my turn, when we were ready to be off, to see Sir John stop the mules to get out a box of cigars belonging to himself and De Schuchareff, and quietly unpack it to get the afternoon's supply. He was immediately surrounded with petitioners, the hangers-on about the house whom the scent of tobacco would have led through fire, and flying into a rage at their importunities, the strings of his box went wrong, and he could not tie it up. I had been vociferating in something of a rage myself, at this frivolous delay to persons

placed as we were, and cursing the cigar-box that was the cause of it, being no smoker ; but I was struck dumb with amazement at Sir John's coming up to me in the midst of my harangue, and without seeming to hear what I was saying, putting the box into my hands and desiring me to tie it up. But I had my revenge ; instead of tying it up, I opened it, and turning to that Spanish vagabond, I begged him in the blandest and most insinuating manner, to accept a few cigars, (he had just met a refusal from Sir John,) and lest he should be too delicate and take broken ones, as most of them were more or less injured, I picked him out the soundest, and apologized for even these not being in perfect order. He was pleased graciously to accept the apology and the cigars, applying however some pretty strong epithets to my churlish companions, and assuring me, by way of contrast, that he and I were noble hidalgos. This brought matters to a climax, cigars were growing scarce, and the smokers were furious ; the biscuit, the two dollars, even the supererogatory real were all undignified compliances, but nothing in comparison, and we rode away at last all angry and quarrelling. We spoke always afterwards of this place by the name of the *coupe gorge*.

But the afternoon was fine and cool, the muleteers pushed on briskly, and we recovered our good humor by degrees ; the appearance of the country improved a little, so far as to bear palmettoes, which, however, are seldom seen in a fertile soil. We met a muleteer, who told Pedro he had been one of a party of *arrieros* who had been robbed that afternoon on the road we had come over, but Pedro kept the secret till we arrived at Ojo del Agua, a little village of Indian huts concealed among palmettoes and magueys, on a side-hill parallel to the road we arrived by. The hill descends gradually, and terminates beyond the village at a great hacienda, which stands on the right of the road, and on the left bubbles up a warm spring—the water, no doubt, which gives name to the place—which flows off toward the north. We got an abominably bad supper, and among other delicacies, when we called for butter, they brought us lard, "*manteca de puerco*," hog-butter, which is more or less commonly eaten, it seems, in the country. Our trunks served us for chairs ; for beds, there was a long low shelf of hard boards, and the India matting from our baggage ; no straw nor hay could be obtained. We took our carpet-bags for pillows, and lay down on the bench and on the floor, every man with his gun ; such was our rule, and there did not seem to us to be less occasion for it here, because there was a guard stationed in the house, of eight Mexican soldiers with an orderly.

THE POETS OF CHIVALRY.

WE know not whether any apology be necessary for the attempt to devote a few pages to the recollection of the Chivalrous Poets. Such an attempt can have no advantage of novelty except to very few readers ; but those even who are most familiar with these writers may, perhaps, derive some pleasure from casually meeting with an old friend, and may find in some of the extracts, passages which, often read before, may with pleasure be read again. It is well to go back to antiquity, at least occasionally, from time to time refreshing the imagination at the ancient well of heroic poetry ; we shall thus go to the landmarks of the republic of letters, find where we are, and how much we have added to the ancient limits. Whatever be the fortune of the chase, saith Gibbon, we shall be sure of a beautiful country, a bright day, and the best company.

Nothing, therefore, has so much tended to impart a distinct character to the chivalrous poems, as their mixture of religion and war ; wherein the submissive accents of penitence, its half-breathed words, broken sobs, and contrite sighs, are united with all that is headlong in valor, resistless in might, and licentious in love.

There is also in these poems, a perpetual disposition to exaggerate. They want the touch of nature and of truth. Their friendship, their love, their hatred, their courage, and their prowess, are all carried to extremes. They seem to be not of this world, though they are on it. Tancredi thinks no more, in his resentment, of resisting the whole Christian host, than whole armies usually think of resisting a single man. This extravagance, though not carried so far as in the frolic plays of Ariosto and Berni, is yet a blemish to the more solemn passages of the *Jerusalem Delivered*.

The poets of chivalry have, however, one advantage over the ancients, which they have turned to good account ; and from which are derived some of the most striking beauties of their poetry. We mean their enchantments, and the whole apparatus of their Druidical machinery ; this is shown in those passages especially, where sometimes the beauties, and sometimes the desolations of nature, are conjured up to beguile the soul, or try the constancy of some illustrious knight ; we may also enumerate here the pageants and moral allegories of Spencer,—for Spencer is a brother of the order,—which, if we mistake not, are peculiar to him. We have examples of this kind, in the personification of the vices as Duessa's Counsellors, and in the beautiful allegory of the *Cave of Despair*.

"That darksome cave they enter where they find
That cursed man low setting on the ground,
Musing full sadly in his sullen mind."

Those passages are exquisite wherein the "Carle" endeavors to persuade the Red Cross Knight to suicide :

"The longer life, I wot, the greater sin,
The greater sin, the greater punishment ;
All those great battles, which thou boast'st to win,
Through strife and bloodshed and avengement,
Now praised, hereafter deare thou shalt repent ;
For life must life, and blood must blood repay—
Is not enough thy evil life forespent ?
For he that once hath missed the right way,
The further he doth goe, the further he doth stray.

"Then doe no further goe, no further stray,
But here lie down, and to thy rest betake,
Th' ill to prevent that life ensewen may ;
For what hath life, that may it loved make,
And gives not rather cause it to forsake,
Fear, sickness, age, losse, labour, sorrow, strife,
Paine, hunger, cold, that makes the heart to quake,
And ever fickle fortune rageth rife,
All which, and thousands mo, doe make a loathsome life."

Every poem is to be considered with reference to the manners of the age in which it was written. The epithet of classical has been applied to Homer and Virgil, and to such of the moderns as have formed themselves upon the ancient models ; Tasso and Spencer are chivalrous, and Milton, we think, would have been so too, if the orders of chivalry could have found a place either in Heaven or in Hell. His imagination was familiar with

"What resounds
In fable or romance of Uther's son,
Begirt with British and Armoric knights,
And all who since baptised or infidel
Jousted in Aspramont, or Montalban."

The poems of chivalry, therefore, partake of the spirit of chivalry ; a fantastical mixture of love, religion, and war, in which the hero can preach at least as well as he can fight, and after mortally wounding his enemy, employs the fleeting moments of life in a sermon, which never fails to convert the pagan failing fast ; a neighboring stream supplies the means, the helmet becomes a font, and the whole scene ends with a baptism, which a Paladin has as good right to administer as a bishop, and where Orlando is quite as much at home as Turpin.

*'Poco quindi lontan, nel sen del monte,
Scaturia mormorando, un picciol rio,
Egli v'accorse, e l'elmo empìè nel fonte
E tornò mesto al grande ufficio e pio.*

*"E premendo il suo affianno, a dar sì volse
Vita con l'acqua, a chi col ferro uccise,
Mentre 'egli il suon de 'sacri detti sciolse,
Colei de gioia transmutossi 'e rise ;
E in atto di morir lieto e vivace
Dir pareva : s'apre il cielo, Io vado in pace.*

— In questa forma
Passa la bella donna, e par che dorma.”

But perhaps the greatest peculiarity of the chivalrous poets, is the manner in which they treat the passion of love. With other poets, love does but take an equal chance with the other passions; ambition, avarice, friendship, glory, all take their turn. But whatever other incentives may stimulate a knight-errant, he is not supposed to be completely finished until he is in love, if not with a real lady, at least with a picture; the least danger to which a hero exposes himself in battle is a bodily hurt; he is always much more in harm's way from some beautiful virago; a rash thing it is, to knock off a helmet in a *melée*, lest haply it may loose to the wind the golden tresses of some royal maid, who seeks immortality and a sweetheart amid the iron ranks of war.

“Lampeggiar gli occhi, e folgorar gli sguardi
Dolci nell'ira; or che sarian nel riso?
Tancredi, a che pur pensi?
Questa è colei, che rinfrescar la fronte
Vedesti già nel solitario fonte.”

We have no less than three “love passages” in Tasso in the first three cantos. There is, for instance, the divine episode of Sofronia and Olindo; then, imitating very feebly that memorable scene in Homer, where Helen points out the Grecian chiefs, Erminia is tender and enigmatical about Tancredi, and lastly, this same Tancredi, baring, by a chance hit, the face of Clorinda, falls in love forthwith and looks on amazed, while the lady all the while is doing her best:

“Che rotti i lacci al elmo suo d'un salto,
(Mirabil colpo!) ei le balzò di testa;
E le chiome dorate al vento sparse,
Giovane donna in mezzo 'l campo apparse,
* * * * *
Percosso il cavalier, non ripercote,
Nè sì dal ferro a riguardarsi attende,
Come a guardar i begli occhi e le gote,
Ond' amor l'arco inevitabil tende.”

It is imagined quite in the regular course of things, to wander alone in some vast and gloomy forest; to be overcome with thirst and fatigue; to lose your way amid the entanglements of that wood of ancient growth; after killing a few lions or tigers, to lie down in despair; when lo! the princely youth hears suddenly the sweetest tones of the sweetest of voices; with some effort he arises, he follows with feeble steps the heavenly sounds, he hears them more distinctly, he reaches an open glade and a sparkling spring, on the green margin of which reposes, resplendent with youth and beauty, beaming with kindness, “love darting eyes and tresses like the morn,” the long-sought lady of his love—seen once before perhaps in the visions of night, dreamy, shadowy but yet recognised—or else plainly foreshown, bright and life-like, in the magical mirror of some friendly enchanter.

And doth it end so? Young knights, are they not dangerous asso-

ciates in a commodious wood? Lady, I am thy good genius; keep wary watch and ward.

Such are the vicissitudes, the voluptuous accompaniments, the romance and preparation of chivalrous love. We cannot say that the sex is well treated in these works, and least of all by the Italians. Ariosto, however, is very fair; whenever he intends to be particularly saucy, he begs the ladies not to read the canto, which, of course they never do. Homer had more respect for Helen, than Ariosto for Angelica, or Tasso for Armida. To be sure, the last was like Jessica, "a most beautiful pagan," and being a witch into the bargain, might expect less ceremony. But Helen was throughout a sufferer, the victim of superior power, she obeyed a mandate which was irresistible, she yielded to a mania that was divine, and amidst those blandishments, which were successful only because they were fated to be so, she remembered with touching sorrow her husband, her child, her brothers, and her home.

As it was the taste of this school to set no limit to the prowess of the knight, so it was to set no limit to the charms of the lady; it abounds accordingly in the most luxurious descriptions of female beauty; descriptions in which it is by far too curious and minute, in which alone the poet ceases to be extravagant, for here alone the beauty of nature is found to keep pace with the play of the imagination.

Love, therefore, was the indispensable ingredient that transfused into every conspicuous episode, or incident, its efficacy and charm. The poet was bound, upon his allegiance, to make all other motives of human action, of less energy and duration. In the courts of chivalry, a lower place was assigned even to that fantastic sense of honor, which, if any thing could, might have disputed the omnipotence of love. In the story of Sofronia and Olindo, there are many exaggerations of the ferocity of the misbelieving king. Every thing fails to move him; beauty and youth, courage, generosity, constancy, virtue, the heroism of voluntary death, all are tried, and all in vain. Any other poet would have been content with this. Not so, the poet of chivalry—all these availed him nothing, until love had been made to fail too.

"Non speri più di ritrovar perdono
Cor pudico, alta mente, o nobil volto;
E indarno *Amor*, contra lo sdegno crudo,
Di sua vaga bellezza a lei fa scudo."

In the general plan of his poem, Tasso has imitated the *Iliad*, but in the adoption of particular beauties, he has displayed a marked partiality for Virgil. He has borrowed the form of the one, and the voice of the other. Unlike the gods of the Grecian bard, who, when they assumed a mortal likeness, were content with a single model, Tasso has not scrupled to take from each great original, a different grace. As in Homer, you are taught to perceive the traces of the celestial majesty, breaking through the trammels of the mortal resemblance; so in Tasso

you discover the original divinity which glowed within him, in those bright flashes, which could not be quite restrained even by the fetters of a too servile imitation.

A few examples of this will serve to show that this opinion has not been lightly uttered, and to bring together some of the finest efforts of the Italian and Latin muse—"O Matre pulchrâ filia pulchrior"—

TASSO.

"Spesso l'ombra materna a me s'offria,
Pallida imago, e dolorosa in atto
Quanto diverso, Ohime, da quel che pria
Visto altrove il su volto avea ritratto:"

VIRGIL.

"Me patris Anchisæ, quoties humentibus umbris
Nox operit terras, quoties astra ignea surgunt
Admonet in somnis, et turbida terret imago.
——— quantum mutatus ab illo
Hectore qui redit exuvias indutus Achillis"—

TASSO.

"O per mille perigli e mille affanni
Meco passati in quelle parti e in queste,
Campion di dio, ch' a ristorare i danni
Della cristiana sua fede nasceste;
Voi che l'arme di Persia, e i Greci inganni
E i monti, e i mari, e 'l verno, e le tempeste,
Della fame i disagi, e dell, sete a
Superaste; voi dunque era temete?
——— Tosto undi fra che rimembrar vi giove
Gli scorsi affanni, e sciorre i voti a Dio;
Or durate magnanimi, e voi stessi
Serbati prego, ai prosperi successi."

VIRGIL.

"O socii (neque enim ignari sumus ante malorum)
O passi graviores: dabit Deus his quoque finem.
Vos et Scyllæam rabiem, penitusque sonantes
Accêstis scopulos; vos et Cyclopea saxa
Experti; revocate aminos, mœstûm que timorem
Mittite—forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit—
——— illic fas regna resurgere Trojæ
Durate et vosmet rebus servate secundis."

TASSO.

"Vi chiamo in testimonio, o del mio caro
Signor sangue ben sparso e nobil'ossa
Ch'allor non fui della mia vita avaro
Ne'schivai ferro, ne schivai percossa:
E se piaciuto pur fosse là sopra
Ch'io vi morissi, il merita con l'opra."

VIRGIL.

"Iliaci cineres et flamma extrema meorum
Testor in occasu vestro nec tela nec ullas
Vitavisse vices Danaum; et si fata fuissent,
Ut caderem, meruisse manu—"

TASSO.

"Ella, mentre il guerrier così le dice,
Non trova loco, torbida, inquieta.
Già buona pezza, in despettosa fronte

Torva il riguarda ; alfin prorompe all'onte :
 Ne te Soffia produce &ca. &ca.
 Che dissimulo Io piu ? l'uomo spietato
 Pur un segno non die 'di menti umana
 Forse cambiò color ? forse al mio duolo
 Bagnò almen gli occhi, o sparse un sospir solo ?"

VIRGIL.

"*Talia dicentem jamdudum aversa tuetur
 Huc, illuc, volvens oculos ; totumque pererrat
 Luminibus tacitis, et sic accensa profatur
 Nec tibi, Diva parens, &c. &c.
 Nam quid dissimulo ? aut quæ me ad majora reservo ?
 Num fletu ingemuit nostro ? num lumina flexit ?
 Num lacrymas victus dedit ? aut miseratus amantem est ?*"

Other instances might be brought to show, in favor of Tasso's learning, that he was familiar as well with the Greek as with the Latin poets ; but these are enough to prove, not only that he knew where the gems of the old poetry lay hid, but also that he knew how to produce them with a setting of his own.

It is a favorite opinion with the Italians, that Milton has borrowed largely from their writers, and especially from Tasso—and there are some circumstances which favor this notion ; such as his skill in the Italian language, his partiality to Italian literature, and some very remote likeness between the English and Italian devils.

When Milton chose to imitate, he certainly knew how to do it with skill. His Latin epistles in the manner of Ovid show this. There is room for a very clever essay upon this subject of poetical imitation ; the result of which might be to show, that some writers have gone through the world with rather loose notions of mine and thine. We have shown how Tasso could imitate ; and now we will place Milton fairly beside him.

Homer makes Vulcan say in few words, "I was all day falling, and with the setting sun dropt upon Lemnos." When Milton came to trace this portion of the heathen mythology to the expulsion of the rebellious angels from Heaven, he thus dilates the simple language of the old master :

"And how he fell
 From heaven, they fabled thrown by angry Jove
 Sheer o'er the chrystal battlements ; from morn
 To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
 A summer's day ; and with the setting sun
 Dropt from the zenith, like a falling star,
 On Lemnos, the Ægean isle :"

In the following instance the imitation is more apparent and direct. Virgil lamenting the fate of Gallus, invokes the Naiads :

"*Quæ nemora, aut qui vos saltus habuere puellæ
 Naiades, indigno cum Gallus amore periret ?
 Nam neque Parnassi vobis juga, nam neque Pindi
 Ulla moram fecêre, neque Aonia Aganippe.*"

Milton lamenting the fate of his friend, imitates the spirit of this invocation, but changes all the particulars :

"Where were ye nymphs when the remorseless deep
 Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas;
 For neither were ye playing on the steep
 Where your old bards, the famous Druids lie,
 Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
 Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream."

The third instance is an imitation of Tasso, and like that from Homer, is a single idea, borrowed doubtless, but yet improved by very poetical and original additions.

Tasso is describing Satan, or Pluto as he generally calls him:

"Orrida maestà nel fero aspetto
 Terrore accresce, e piu superbo il rende,
 Rosseggian gli occhi, e di veneno infetto
 Come infausto cometa, il guardo splende."

Milton borrows this comparison to a comet in the following lines:

"On the other side
 "Incensed with indignation Satan stood
 Unterrified, and like a comet burned,
 That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
 In the arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
 Shakes pestilence and war:"

If Milton owes any thing to Tasso, it is to a few such items as this that the sum of the debt may be reduced—to some few flowers, which were culled because they were beautiful, and were transplanted from Italy, to flourish in the garden of Eden. To do more than this, there was neither opportunity nor temptation. No two poems can well be more different in all respects from each other, than *Paradise Lost* and *Jerusalem Delivered*.

One is a work of chivalry, the other almost of theology; the one abounds in adventures of love and war, in human agents and human passions, the other has very little of either; the whole scene in the one is rich, sparkling, and various; an arabesque filled with fanciful and grotesque figures; like the church of St. Sophia, first a temple and then a mosque, it combines the solidity of the dome with the lightness of the minaret. The other is solitary, replete with a sad and gloomy magnificence; an ancient monastery, severe in its style, vast in its proportions, rich in its appropriate ornaments, long aisles, fretted vaults, vast crucifixes, storied windows, and dim lights. The catastrophe of Tasso is fortunate, of Milton most sad; and such a conclusion! how solemn and pathetic. The poetry of all the world may be challenged to produce any thing like the last lines of *Paradise Lost*.

There is one thing common to both, and but one—

"Contra vocat in certamina Divos."

They array the powers of Heaven and Hell against each other—a contest, which, according to Johnson, is without curiosity, because the issue is without doubt.

With such contrasts of general character in these two poems, there is a still greater contrast in the execution of particular parts.

The infernal agents of *Paradise Lost*, are beings of a quite different order from those of the *Jerusalem Delivered*.

In the one, there are no forms savage and strange, no horns, nor tails, nor cloven feet, no tongues tipped with venom, no mouths from which, as from *Mongibello*, are cast forth vapors fetid and black, mixed with ashes and flame. The devils of *Tasso* are fresh from the regions of the Mythologic hell,

"Forma tricornis umbræ,"

a compound of Geryon, Cerberus, and Pluto.

"Diversi aspetti in un confusi e misti."

Not thus did he, who was "amerced of Heaven" for his revolt, present himself to the imagination of *Milton*. No vile participation with inferior natures, no monstrous union of incongruous forms, no ferine associations debased the majesty of the "archangel ruined." Those epithets are lavished upon him with which men are fond to decorate the grandeur of this world. He is a "dread sultan"—"the excess of glory obscured"—first among

"A thousand demigods on golden seats
Frequent and full"—

"God-like shapes and forms
Excelling human, princely dignities
And powers that erst in heaven sat on thrones."

"Nor less
Than hell's dread emperor in pomp supreme,
And God-like imitated state."

A rebel against God, he excites our compassion; an enemy to ourselves, he escapes our resentment. Whatever of dignity or grace can ally itself with crime and sufferance, is there found, a courage not to be subdued, a fidelity not to be shaken, the traces of a celestial origin not quite effaced by "deep scars of thunder" and the lurid flames of hell. And when to all these are added the gentle touches of sorrow and remorse, when

"Attention held them mute;
Thrice he assayed, and thrice in spite of scorn
Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth"—

we must confess that poet's pen never turned to shape a conception so noble and poetical, as that of *Milton's Satan*.

The reader, already familiar with the great works from which we have extracted so freely, will think, perhaps, that the passages quoted in illustration of these preliminary remarks, bear an undue proportion to the text. In resuming the subject hereafter, we trust we shall be able to give a more original character to our observations, while still keeping in view the leading points here indicated.

THE NATURALIST.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

“THE eastern side of Mount Antisana had been so ravaged by the eruption, as to be almost entirely divested of its former beauty. Unwilling to continue in a desolate spot, connected with so many painful associations, I removed, as soon as practicable, to a delightful situation on the opposite side of the valley, where I now reside. Struck with the miserable situation of the friendless Indians, who had fallen a prey to the relentless rapacity of the Spaniard, I exerted myself to meliorate their condition. With some difficulty, I succeeded in engaging a few families to cultivate the fertile lands I had given them. I labored to impress upon their minds the precepts of true piety and happiness; and to convince them that peace and industry are the only sources of prosperity. In this I have been eminently successful. From a few families, the Indians have increased to a large community: and it has been to me a source of the highest satisfaction, to behold a portion of that noble race reclaimed from their wanderings, and peaceably enjoying the fruits of their labors. For several years I have devoted a portion of my time to their instruction, and I trust that many of them are truly grateful to the great Father of mercies for his distinguished blessings. Years have rolled on: my daughter has grown to womanhood; and it has been the great solace of my life to enrich her expanding mind, and guide and cherish those noble feelings, which she has inherited from her angel mother. But the study of nature has engrossed by far the greatest share of my attention. Oh, who can look upon the vast earth; or the illimitable canopy of glittering worlds with which it is enveloped, and not desire to imbibe instruction from the unnumbered and exhaustless fountains of knowledge, which gush on every side? Every leaf, every dew-drop, is an enigma inextricable to finite minds. The meanest atom in the universe, will baffle the penetration of the proudest intellect; and nature is one vast mystery, which can be accounted for only by the existence of a Being to whom worlds are but atoms, and eternity is but an hour.

“I have now related to you the leading incidents of a life already prolonged to the period usually allotted to man; my pilgrimage will soon be ended, and I humbly hope, that through the love of the great Father of mercies, I shall, ere long, be ushered into a brighter world.”

Such was the narrative of Señor Perolya. The evening was now

far spent, and I bade adieu, for the night, to the singular being whose noble enthusiasm had already elicited my admiration.

Laura Perolya, the daughter of the naturalist, was all that a fond father could desire. Perhaps the world would not call her beautiful. She had no dazzling, obtrusive charms which command attention. Her beauty was of a moral cast, depending not on the fashioning of flesh and blood, but springing from the exquisite loveliness of a stainless spirit. The soul is the being, the body but the tenement; and that being alone is truly beautiful, whose every look and action reveals the workings of a lovely mind. Mere outward charms are transient as the morning mist. They may dazzle for an instant; but they shine with a borrowed light, and having no intrinsic loveliness, they are soon dissipated, and a soulless form alone remains. But a face which owes less to regularity of feature, than to the animated workings of an ardent soul, is truly lovely. These are enduring charms; and as our knowledge of the beauties of the mind increases, the brighter and the lovelier will the countenance appear.

"Give me a face the heart obeys,
And sweetly mutable displays,
Its feelings as they rise."

Of this character was the beauty of Laura Perolya; and, to one of refined and exalted feeling, there was a charm in the graceful symmetry of her slender form, a witchery in her speaking countenance, which to behold was to love.

After two weeks residence with the naturalist, I continued my journey to Quito. Having transacted my business there, I again visited the cottage of Senor Perolya. Here beholding the wild scenery of the mountains, and enjoying the delights of social intercourse, the weeks rolled rapidly away. Never had my feelings been enlisted more deeply in the character of an individual than in that of Senor Perolya. There was so much of moral dignity in his nature, such exalted philosophy in his sentiments, and withal he possessed so much of expanded benevolence, the bright emblem of Heaven, that none could know and not admire him. But there were other, and to me still stronger attractions in this lonely cottage upon the Andes. I was in the vigor of early manhood.—The period when the matured affections of the soul are ready to be concentrated upon the dear being who is to share our joys and sorrows. In Laura Perolya I saw centred every charm, which, in the bright imaginings of a youthful heart, I had thrown around the ideal beauty of my fancy. We were congenial spirits, providentially brought together at the very time when our souls were ripe for a permanent attachment. I need not say we loved. This was the brightest portion of my existence. The intimate associate of one of the noblest of mankind; blest with the ardent love of an enchanting girl; and surrounded by all that is beautiful and sublime in nature's scenery, I could

not but be happy. Thus delightfully situated, the weeks glided almost unconsciously away.

In one of our rambles upon a neighboring mountain, we were suddenly overtaken by a heavy shower, and before we could find shelter were all completely drenched. A severe cold, caused by this exposure, increased to an alarming degree a racking cough which for some time had been preying upon the lungs of the naturalist. He was now confined to his room. Upon the evening, however, of a lovely day, the violence of his disease was so mitigated that he sat down by an open window facing the valley, to be refreshed by the air which floated in gentle undulations into the apartment. It was one of those nights of matchless beauty which are witnessed only within the tropics. Laura and myself had been for some time examining a superb collection of minerals which occupied three entire sides of the apartment.

At length the naturalist addressed us:—"Come near me, my children," said he, "and gaze upon the glories of the universe." We instantly approached him. His eye was bent with an expression of serene, but intense thought, upon the brilliant heavens. Not a shadow dimmed the perfectly transparent air; and the trembling beams which streamed from myriads of stars, glistening in the vast concave above us, seemed to flood the universe with a silvery brightness.

"Frederick," said the old man, turning his blue eye upon me, "you have sometimes thought that I was enthusiastic; that my all-absorbing admiration of nature was almost a weakness. But when you gaze upon a scene so glorious, does not your soul long for a closer communion with the unseen Spirit at whose will this majestic universe burst into being? Did you never attempt to embrace in one conception the entire world on which we live? Its towering mountains, its vast continents, its trackless oceans, and the myriads of breathing beings which animate its surface; when brought at once before the mind, how stupendous this earth appears! But vast as it seems when contemplated by itself, varied, exhaustless as are its riches, it sinks almost to nothingness when we gaze into the fathomless depths of the blue heavens in which it is suspended. When we look beyond our system, even the dim and feeble eye of man can discover unnumbered worlds; and doubtless the smallest star, whose trembling ray is almost lost in the immeasurable expanse around us, is brighter, vaster, more stupendous than the world on which we live. Now this earth assumes its real station. It becomes an atom, a solitary drop in the illimitable ocean of glowing worlds which are rolling in unbroken harmony under the all-seeing eye of the Eternal.

"Nature is God expressed—is Deity manifest to our senses. And, Frederick, is it enthusiasm, is it weakness to devote even the whole of the brief period which is here allotted us, to the contemplation of these scenes, and the discovery of those truths which reveal the ineffable glories of the unseen Sovereign of the universe? Would you not rather

weep for the weakness of erring humanity, when you behold thousands created for noble purposes, endowed with deathless spirits, willing to hamper the powers which lie dormant in their bosoms, and to place their supreme affections upon some day-dream of earthly aggrandizement, with thousands dying round them; knowing that this life is at best a vapor, and with the certainty of immortality, they still cling to earth as though this atom contained their all. 'Day unto day uttereth speech; night unto night showeth knowledge,' and yet they heed it not. The sublime machinery of the universe is moving round them; but they see not its grandeur. The earth with its teeming bosom, and the firmament with its exhaustless glories, unite in an anthem of celestial harmony in praise of the eternal Source and Centre of existence. And yet more; poor erring man will place the supreme affections of his deathless spirit upon the rainbow bubble of an hour. Oh could he feel that it is God who paints the matchless blossom; who clothes the green forest with its breathing verdure; who whispers in the evening zephyrs; who shines in the glistening sunbeams which dance upon the summer ocean; and who sustains the circling spheres; his heart would burn with heavenly adoration of that Spirit who is the life, the harmony of the universe."

The old man paused, and closing his eyes upon the brilliant scene, his lips faintly moved as if in fervent prayer to the great Author of existence.

Never before had I felt the overwhelming magnitude of Creation. True, I had ever been nature's admirer, but it was only as the world admire her. I had loved to look upon her bright scenes, and felt that there was poetry in the glowing landscape. The majestic ocean, over whose rolling bosom I had been wafted, and the towering mountains which now surrounded me, had often filled me with deep emotion. I had looked, too, upon the evening heavens, and had often been lost in admiration of the splendid scene. But I had gazed upon the glittering stars, more as "diamonds which jewel the brow of night," than as worlds teeming with existence. But now my soul was bowed in adoration within me.

Laura leaned upon my arm, gazing with me upon the splendid heavens; and I felt her slight frame thrill with the sublime emotions inspired by a scene so glorious.

At length the naturalist broke silence, which for a long interval had been uninterrupted:—"Laura, my child," said he, "come near me." The bright girl was instantly beside him. Parting with her soft fingers the silvery locks which had fallen upon his brow, she looked into his face with all the tenderness of a daughter's love. A sad smile played upon his countenance as he pressed her to his breast. "My child," said he, "we must soon part. I feel that this aged body cannot much longer confine the spirit, which longs to soar upward to the skies."

"Oh, do not speak thus, my only parent," said the dear girl, as with a bursting heart she buried her face in his bosom. "You must not leave me."

"Yes, Laura; the hour of my departure is at hand: my soul will soon enter upon other and brighter scenes. My only pang upon leaving earth will be caused by parting with my child. But, dearest, God gave you to me as a blessing, a priceless blessing, and when I am gone He will preserve you."

"Oh, my father," said Laura, throwing her arms round his neck, "how can I lose you! you, my only earthly parent—thus rendered doubly dear?"

"Do not grieve thus, my Laura. True, we must separate; but it will be only for a transient period. A few fleeting years will pass, and then I trust that, through redeeming love, you too, my child, will join your sainted mother, who now waits for my approach in the realms of everlasting joy."

"And, Senor," said I, approaching him, "while she is passing through these fleeting years, may not I be her protector. If devoted affection, if ardent love can shield her from this world's misfortunes, I will ever avert the storm."

Laura turned on me her streaming eyes, and for an instant her sadness gave place to a bright smile of deep affection. The old man smiled upon us.

"Love on, my children," said he. "Ever fondly cherish the affection which animates your breasts. It is the sweetest, holiest tie which can unite your hearts. Love is the harmony of the universe. 'God is Love.'"

We parted for the night. The following day the disease of the naturalist increased to an alarming extent. His cough had been fearfully aggravated by exposure to the evening air; and we were painfully apprehensive that his anticipations of death would too soon be realized. Laura was constantly at his bedside. She administered to every want, and watched with intense solicitude every change in his pallid countenance. He failed rapidly through the day. In the evening, for the first time, he slept; and his slumber, although troubled, encouraged us to hope. Laura and myself sat by the bedside, and she leaned her aching head upon my breast. At length the old man awoke.

"Laura, Frederick, my children," said he faintly, "am I still here? I thought but now that I had shaken off this mortal coil, and entered upon far brighter scenes. That my sainted wife was again beside me. I had even, too, a glimpse of those heavenly regions, where there is no need of the sun by day, nor of the moon by night; but which are flooded with light inexpressible, with glory ineffable, by the smile of the Eternal. And was it but a vision? Oh how delicious even thus to

dream! And now the joy of Heaven bursts upon my soul, for I know that soon, soon this ecstasy will be real."

Laura bent over him with a bursting heart. Her lips touched his cheek, and her streaming tears fell upon his pale countenance.

"My Laura," said he, "do not thus weep. Am I not happy? And what is death? Is it not an inestimable blessing? Is it not the Christian's angel, to usher his deathless spirit into those glorious regions where reigns joy unutterable? Oh, why do you grieve?"

"We part, my father."

"True, my child. But a few years—and we meet again. Yes, we *shall* meet again!"

For some moments he was silent. At length he feebly murmured—

"Laura, Frederick, I am going. Life is fast ebbing in this aged frame. Kiss me, my children—press your warm lips to my cold cheek."

Our tears streamed upon his pale countenance.

"Love each other," said he, "live for each other; serve your God, and ere long we shall all meet in heaven."

He was again silent. At length he faintly whispered, as if communing with himself—

"Oh how happy is this hour!"

A faint tremor agitated his frame—a smile rested upon his countenance. It was the last emotion imprinted upon those noble features, by the kindling spirit which was now admitted into the immediate presence of the Eternal.

N. N.

JUSTICE.

FROM THE AGAMEMNON OF ÆSCHYLUS.

THE eye of Justice—bright immortal ray—
Doth love the smoky cabins of the poor,
Home of the guiltless—honoring the life,
The scanty fare, and hard laborious days,
Of who no honorers hath, save Hope and Her.
But from the blissful mansions of the proud,
The vaunted gauds, o'ergilt, but stained beneath,
And black from contact with corrupted hands,
With head averse, she flies—in shuddering hate
Of boundless riches, falsely stamped with praise.

A LEAF FROM MY "LOG-BOOK."

THERE is a headless statue, of colossal size, standing in the court of the Academy of Arts in Philadelphia, which was the gift of an officer of the United States Navy. The grace and delicacy of the attitude and drapery of this statue, and its exquisite finish, must ever stamp it as a *chef d'œuvre* of the most distinguished ancient chisel, and as a criterion of all that is beautiful and great in sculpture.

The circumstances under which it was procured are singularly interesting as well as mysterious; and years must pass away, before the verdant recollection yields to the blighting influence of time.

During an active cruise against the pirates that infested the Archipelago in the summer of 1827, our frigate anchored off the town of Salamis, in Greece, in order to suppress more effectually the fitting-out of piratical vessels, and to watch the movements of the Turkish army, then waging a most savage horrid war of extermination against the Greeks, who were nobly contending against fearful odds, for that dearest of all prizes—Liberty! We hovered around the scenes of this distress, administering to their wants, in all that was consistent with our *neutrality*.

Ibrahim Pasha commanded the Turkish and Egyptian forces, consisting of forty thousand troops, with a heavy park of artillery, a troop of ten thousand well-mounted cavalry, and a large body of well-armed infantry. After an unsuccessful attempt to dislodge the Greek troops from their position on the Piræus, where they assembled to relieve the troops in the Acropolis, he left Redschid Pacha, with a large force, to besiege that impregnable fortress, and with the remainder of his army took up his line of march for the Morea, which was most nobly disputed by the heroic Greeks—though, unhappily, with but little success.

The track of the Turkish army was marked by every species of cruel and wanton barbarity. A recital of their enormities would make humanity shudder and blush, for its degenerate kind. Towns were burnt—fields and trees destroyed—men, women, and children, massacred indiscriminately.—Some were reserved for a life of ignominious slavery—a few escaped to the mountains—where, secreted in the caves, they subsisted on a few muscles, and a scanty supply of stagnant water found in the cavities of the rocks. In such an abode, filled with painful anxiety for the fate of their families, they hid themselves from the savage hunt of their fiendish pursuers, till the Turkish army departed, to visit the next hapless town with its brutal enormities. Then, these half-famished creatures would steal down in the night to seek for the broken remains of their ruined race, by the light of the dying embers

of their once peaceful dwellings—and there, amid the dead and dying, might be seen the father, the mother, or the child, bending over the fond object of affection, administering such comforts as their feeble means afforded.—Oh! who can imagine or describe the anguish of that heart-breaking scene?

It was during the period of these unparalleled wants, that four or five emaciated Greeks ventured down to the beach, and made a signal to our ship. They were soon brought on board, and two of them returned to the shore, loaded with provisions for their starving families in the mountains—the others offered to sell a statue of great value that was buried on shore, some distance up the Gulf. The captain, regarding the purchase as an act of charity, readily agreed to give the stipulated sum. The ship was forthwith got underweigh, and anchored within ten miles of the nearest landing. Every thing was got in readiness for the expedition to start next morning at daylight—officers were appointed, men selected, a rude carriage constructed—boat provisioned and armed. Our party consisted of twenty-five men, and in due time shoved off from the ship, and were scudding at a brisk rate with a fair wind. We soon arrived at the landing, and found the statue about three miles from the beach, buried some six or seven feet under ground. It was no easy task to place it on the carriage: it could not have weighed less than five tons; and to transport it down to the boat, was a work of great labor and fatigue; the sun was oppressively hot, and the wheels sunk deep into the sand every roll. We reached the boat about an hour before sunset, wearied, and fatigued beyond imagination; and on mustering the men, were greatly surprised to find one of them missing. Our search in the immediate vicinity proved fruitless, and the many conjectures as to his fate, served but to increase our anxiety and perplexity. After many suggestions, W—— and myself resolved to remain and continue the search—the launch in the meantime to return to the ship and despatch a cutter for us.—With this arrangement, the boat pushed off from the shore, spread its wings to the evening breeze, and was soon “walking the waters like a thing of life.” We watched the boat as it receded from us, with a singular emotion; and with the swing of the hat, and a wave of the handkerchief, they sent us a cheer across the water for the success of our enterprise, that bubbled up its tribute from the heart; and how long we stood gazing on the void created by the absence of our fellows, I know not. The screech of a sorrowing sea-bird, that was sportingly dipping its wings into the feathery spray, broke our reverie. Then it was, the loneliness of our unprotected situation first dawned upon us—and an involuntary turn toward the direction of our ship, brought the sad reality more forcibly home. After examining the priming of our muskets, we started on our pilgrimage—and with as much singleness of heart as ever animated the bosom of a devotee commencing his most pious march—our object was to

find our poor lost sailor; and the consciousness of being engaged in a deed of goodness, buoyed up our drooping spirits, and roused our energies to action. We were determined to solve the mystery of his singular disappearance, and not to return to the ship without some tidings of him. Our feelings were particularly interested, from the circumstance of his being one of the best men in the ship.

The first object that met our attention was the ruin of an old Venetian castle. It might be, curiosity had attracted him thither, and in the inviting coolness of the place, the recollection of the fatigue, and heat of the noonday sun, would be lost in a sleep of rosy dreams! We entered through the broken archway—traversed the court, where many a saint and hero trod—climbed the massive fragments—explored the subterranean passages, and woke the aged silence with the almost deafening report of our muskets—but all in vain—the beautiful echo alone flung back our summons—and we left that monastic ruin, where taste seemed to have guided the hand of time, full of painful foreboding—nor was our search on the plain attended with better success. We then entered Eleusis. The condition of that poor devoted town was awfully distressing—the imagination cannot picture a more revolting and unnatural scene. It is enough to say it had been visited by the Turkish army—and their ruthless wanton barbarity, led to the indiscriminate massacre of its peaceful inhabitants—their bones were bleaching in the streets—and only the walls of the houses were left standing, as monuments of its once happy inmates. We rambled through its deserted streets, clambered up to the vaulted roof of a castellated building, and there discharged our muskets and shouted aloud, with no success. The scene from this elevation would have been a gloomy subject for an artist—the view was bold, various, and picturesque. The town was built on a gentle sloping hill, in the centre of a very extensive plain, bounded on three sides by ranges of sterile mountains—the Ægean Sea bathed its southern border, with three or four islands in the perspective—far to the west, rose the rocky isthmus of Corinth, with its impregnable castle perched on its summit—the city of the dead was at our feet, and the setting sun threw a light of singular beauty over that melancholy picture—several noble ruins were scattered over the plain, relieved at intervals by beautiful olive groves—and the ground was as rich in classic association, as it was desolate in reality. Satisfied with this scene, which harmonized so well with our feelings, we started for a fountain about a mile inland from the town. It was quite in a ruined state, and the crystal water bubbled from the fount into a large basin, and from it leaped sparkingly into two or three others of smaller size. We sat bathing our feet in one of them, conjecturing the fate of the poor fellow we were in pursuit of, when our attention was suddenly attracted by approaching footsteps and voices; we had barely time to put ourselves in order, before we discovered five armed men approach-

ing the fountain. Our first impulse was to meet them—and if Greeks, to ask their assistance—if Turks, to act as the circumstance should call for. In either case it was hazardous. The Greeks might, in the indistinct twilight, take us for Turks; or the Turks imagine us Greeks. Our only alternative, therefore, to avoid the consequences of such an irreparable mistake, was to retreat behind the angle of the wall, and thus escape unnoticed. We knew that one wing of the Turkish army lay encamped, only a few miles from us, and that in their night visits to the town, to cut off such Greeks as ventured from their hiding-places, their cimeters would not be particularly discriminating on points of nationality. With this prospect before us, we prepared ourselves for the worst. Presently they arrived, and leaning their arms against the wall behind us, commenced their ablutions. Their language was unintelligible, and a glimpse of one of them, whose costume corresponded with the Albanian Turks, decided our course. Communicating our plans in a faint whisper, we resolved to rush on them, secure their arms, and abide the result. W—— got down on his knees and surveyed the party. They were seated closely together, engaged in an animated conversation—their arms were close to us—and the time was favorable. I never shall forget the sensation of that exciting moment. A thousand things, unutterable, rushed through my mind—the perspiration started from my brow—and my whole frame quivered with deep emotion. W—— and myself exchanged glances that spoke volumes of feeling, and the next moment we darted out from behind the fountain, and stood before the unwelcome visitors, with bayonets fixed, and fingers on the triggers. Had a thunderbolt fallen from the heavens, it could not have surprised them more. They jumped up, and stood petrified with astonishment. We spoke to them kindly, but they did not understand us. Our language—our costume—and our sudden appearance, astounded them.—They evidently had never seen such strange-looking beings before. Their first rational glance, after the restoration of their senses, was toward their arms—these they saw so well guarded, as to forbid the possibility of recovering them—and in utter despair, they crossed their arms on their breasts, and made every demonstration of submission and friendship. We returned their signs, and when fully convinced they were Greeks, we placed our arms beside theirs, and offered them our hands in token of friendship. I really do not know which party had the best cause to rejoice. What with a little “*lingua France*,” picked up in the Archipelago, and significant signs, we made out tolerably well in communicating our wishes and feelings. They were actually Greeks, once living happily with their families in Eleusis, before the Turks destroyed it. I never saw a more woe-begone, forlorn expression, depicted on the human countenance, than theirs evidenced in the recital of their painful misfortunes. Together we entered that devoted town, where all was ruin and desolation, and I thought their very

hearts would burst, as some familiar object met their view, calling up reminiscences at once joyous and happy—startling and afflicting—such deep deep feeling, I never before witnessed—and one there was, whose grief was past control. Grief and care had done more to bend his manly form, and furrow his noble brow, than time. I saw him kneel and whisper a prayer over the ashes of his kindred, as the big tear trickled down his cheek. Oh! it was a scene, awful beyond description—it called forth our warmest sympathy, and filled us with the most painful emotion. They picked up a few scattered remnants of cloths, bid us adieu, and started for the mountains. They had no homes—the earth was their resting-place—and the canopy of heaven their only covering.

We lingered about the town, discharged our muskets four or five times, and returned to the beach about eleven o'clock; there we seated ourselves and waited patiently the arrival of the boat; and oh! how long the hours seemed. Time did indeed move with leaden wings. We had abundant time to contemplate that beautiful scene—the moon was flinging its silver light on the ruins of the Venetian castle—its beams were glistening on the placid bosom of the *Ægean* Sea, whose mirrored surface imaged a countless number of bright beautiful stars, that gemmed the blue heavens.

“ ——— The wind was hushed;
And to the beach each slowly lifted wave,
Creeping with silver curl, prest, kist the shore,
And slept in peace.”

The pensive solemnity of the hour was at last disturbed by the joyful approach of our boat; the fire from our muskets soon brought them to us, and in a few minutes we embarked, and were on our way to our floating home. The delay in the arrival of the boat had been caused by their mistaking the landmark, and pulling one or two miles beyond it. We reached the ship about two o'clock in the morning, to the relief of the anxious solicitude of our shipmates, and our own fatigue. We could not give any satisfactory account of the boatman, and the disappointment visible on the weather-beaten faces of our hardy crew, was painfully distressing. The next day the frigate got under weigh, stood down to the landing-place, and fired four or five shot across the plain. The sound reverberated among the mountains with melancholy effect, and there being no trace or sign of the man, we continued on our cruise, leaving it for time to unfold this singular and mysterious affair. I never knew a circumstance to absorb more interest and feeling, and it was sometime before the wonted cheerfulness, that distinguished our gallant frigate, was restored to the ship's company.

OCEANUS.

OCEAN PICTURES.—TO H. G.

AT SEA—JANUARY 21st.

I.

MORNING upon the waters wide!
 What words can paint its glory,
 When day-dawn, in its purple pride,
 Dispels the shadows hoary?
 When on the snowy billows gleam
 Aurora's earliest roses,
 And, wrapt in his resplendent dream,
 The morning star reposes!

II.

High noon!—upon the billow's crest,
 The sun-bow, brightly streaming,
 Seems fair as Hope, the syren blest,
 On life's false ocean gleaming.
 Over the dark green foamy waves,
 Our ship is bravely riding;
 Above us heaven—beneath us graves—
 Around the dolphins gliding.

III.

Sunset upon the watery world!
 A flood of rainbow splendor,
 And one large star with flag unfurled
 To mark the day's surrender.
 Upon the silent deck I stand,
 And muse in joy and sadness;
 With grief I turn to *thy* proud land—
 To *mine* with hope and gladness.

IV.

Still midnight on the chainless deep!
 The sky serene and holy;
 For there the stars bright vigil keep,
 The young moon sailing slowly;
 And living gems around our prow,
 Like diamonds are sparkling:
 The wand'ring beams of those that glow
 Where hostile bands are darkling!

F.

TABLE-TALK.*

THE author of *Christabel* and the *Ancient Mariner* was no ordinary person. The power, the imaginative force, the wild sublimity and deep pathos of these productions, notwithstanding the eccentricity and strange thoughts they disclose, stamp the writer as a man of genius, in the legitimate sense of that term. *Christabel* has, by competent judges, been called the most glorious fragment in the English language, and though all may not subscribe to this opinion, it must be admitted that the inherent difficulty of the subject had never been conquered before. But, to an imagination of the greatest brilliancy and power, Coleridge added the counterbalance of a strong and original intellect, improved by profound thought, diligent study, and the widest acquaintance with general learning and literature. The essays in the *Friend*, dictated on his bed in the intervals of suffering, we believe, to his daughter, the *Biographia Literaria*, and the *Aids to Reflection*, are the permanent monuments of his varied learning, and constant and active ratiocination. He was deeply versed in metaphysics—in fact, this appears to us to have been his favorite study, and to have insinuated itself not only into the discussion of the graver topics, but to have cast its filmy veil over the empire of imagination itself. Not content with reading deeply the theology of the *divine*, and the *seraphic* doctors, and the schoolmen, he plunged into the fathomless abyss of the modern German systems, and he was generally reputed, at one time at least, to be the only man in England who was acquainted with the Kantian theory. Indeed, it has been said that Madame de Stael was indebted to her intimacy with him, during her visit to London, for the chapters on this subject which are to be found in her *L'Allemagne*. Coleridge was certainly a most accomplished scholar, full of learning and knowledge, but with a mind overwhelmed with all those subtleties and yearnings after splendid generalities, which too often result from an indiscriminate devotion to metaphysics. In the early period of his life, his enthusiasm on the subject was so sublimated, that he is said to have proposed to migrate to America with some friends, and reduce his ideas to action in the establishment of what he called a Pantisocracy. The familiar out-pourings of such a mind as his, must be a subject of great interest, and, we think, the reading world greatly indebted to his relative, who, with much labor, tact, and learning, has preserved some of the fleeting thoughts and winged words of this eminent individual.

* Specimens of the Table-Talk of the late Samuel Taylor Coleridge—New-York, Harper & Brothers, 2 Vols. 1835.

The English, and we include their American descendants, have never been remarkable for conversational ability. Their language, which is well adapted to the sustained dignity of narration, or strong and powerful description, lends itself with difficulty to the graceful inflections and lighter graces of conversation. In this particular, the French language must be admitted to be vastly its superior, and hence the richness, variety, and excellence of a department of literature scarcely known to us—the memoirs, the *ana*, and the letters of the French. Conversation is there cultivated as an art, and they far surpass in this respect our worthy, but saturnine progenitors. There are evident indications, too, that among the Romans, much attention was paid to this delightful acquisition, and that the *noctes cænæque deorum*, were not only graced by the discussion of the serious questions of morals and government, but that these were relieved by the flashes of humor, and the keen but polished gladiations of wit. We apprehend that some confirmation of our opinions will be found in this volume. It contains discourses, not table-talk, admirable and original, it is true, but possessing none of that attic salt—that fresh inspiring vigor, which fine thoughts, clothed in apt and unpremeditated words, always exhibit. In this respect, we have no doubt that either Burke or Johnson was a better talker than Coleridge; and that a comparison of this book with the delightful record of the rich and glorious sallies of Johnson, would abundantly prove it. We incline to the opinion of the brilliant Madame de Stael, that Coleridge was famous in monologue, *mais quil ne savait pas le dialogue*. But not to proceed farther in this affair of conversational ability, this volume affords a vast amount of matter of reflection, connected with learning, criticism, and politics, and every reader of taste and discrimination will be amply repaid in perusing the views of an original mind upon many of the most interesting and exciting topics. We think it apparent that Mr. Coleridge's mind was not practical in its results, and that whatever his system of philosophy might have been had he lived to complete it, though it might have possessed much truth and discrimination, it would have been too recondite in this day of utilitarianism.

In the limited space which we may occupy, it is impossible to review the opinions of Mr. Coleridge; from many of them we entirely dissent. All we can do is, to make a random selection by way of specimen, though we had marked many for more special comment.

“I have often told you that I do not think there is any jealousy, properly so called, in the character of Othello. There is no predisposition to suspicion, which I take to be an essential term in the definition of the word. Desdemona very truly told Emilia that he was not jealous, that is, of a jealous habit, and he says so as truly of himself. Iago's suggestions, you see, are quite new to him; they do not correspond with any thing of a like nature previously in his mind. If Desdemona had, in fact, been guilty, no one would have thought of calling Othello's conduct that of a jealous man. He could not act otherwise than he did with the lights he had, whereas jealousy can never be strictly right. See how utterly unlike Othello is to Leontes, in the *Winter's Tale*, or even to Leonatus, in *Cymbeline*! The jealousy of the first proceeds from an evident trifle, and something like hatred is mingled with it; and the conduct of Leonatus in

accepting the wager, and exposing his wife to the trial, denotes a jealous temper already formed."

Nothing but political bigotry could have dictated the following :

"Bourrienne is admirable. He is the French Pepys,—a man with right feelings, but always wishing to participate in what is going on, be it what it may. He has one remark, when comparing Bonaparte with Charlemagne, the substance of which I have attempted to express in 'The Friend,' but which Bourrienne has condensed into a sentence worthy of Tacitus, or Machiavel, or Bacon. It is this; that Charlemagne was above his age, while Bonaparte was only above his competitors, but under his age! Bourrienne has done more than any one else to show Bonaparte to the world as he really was,—always contemptible except when acting a part, and that part not his own."

The question propounded in the following extract has, to us, great interest and novelty.

"During the middle ages, the papacy was nothing, in fact, but a confederation of the learned men in the west of Europe against the barbarism and ignorance of the times. The pope was chief of this confederacy; and so long as he retained that character exclusively, his power was just and irresistible. It was the principal means of preserving for us, and for all posterity, all that we now have of the illumination of past ages. But as soon as the pope made a separation between his character as premier clerk in Christendom and as a secular prince—as soon as he began to squabble for towns and castles—then he at once broke the charm, and gave birth to a revolution. From that moment those who remained firm to the cause of truth and knowledge became necessarily enemies to the Roman see. The great British schoolmen led the way; then Wicliffe rose, Huss, Jerome, and others. In short, everywhere, but especially throughout the north of Europe, the breach of feeling and sympathy went on widening; so that all Germany, England, Scotland, and other countries, started like giants out of their sleep at the first blast of Luther's trumpet. In France one-half of the people, and that the most wealthy and enlightened, embraced the Reformation. The seeds of it were deeply and widely spread in Spain and in Italy; and as to the latter, if James I had been an Elizabeth, I have no doubt at all that Venice would have publicly declared itself against Rome. It is a profound question to answer, why it is that, since the middle of the sixteenth century, the Reformation has not advanced one step in Europe?"

Dr. Spurzheim does not seem to have found favor with Coleridge.

"Spurzheim is a good man, and I like him; but he is dense, and the most ignorant German I ever knew. If he had been content with stating certain remarkable coincidences between the moral qualities and the configuration of the skull, it would have been well; but when he began to map out the cranium dogmatically, he fell into infinite absurdities. You know that every intellectual act, however you may distinguish it by name, in respect to the originating faculties, is truly the act of the entire man: the notion of distinct material organs, therefore, in the brain itself, is plainly absurd. Pressed by this, Spurzheim has at length been guilty of some sheer quackery; and ventures to say that he has actually discovered a different material in the different parts or organs of the brain, so that he can tell a piece of benevolence from a bit of destructiveness, and so forth. Observe, also, that it is constantly found, that so far from there being a concavity in the interior surface of the cranium answering to the convexity apparent on the exterior, the interior is convex too. Dr. Baillie thought there was something in this system, because the notion of the brain being an extendable net, helped to explain those cases where the intellect remained after the solid substance of the brain was dissolved in water."

His ideas of the patronage of the arts in England, in our judgment, are entirely just. The continental sentiment on this subject is the only true and effective support of art.

"The darkest despotisms on the continent have done more for the growth and elevation of the fine arts than the English government. A great musical composer in Germany and Italy is a great man in society, and a real dignity and rank are universally conceded to him. So it is with a sculptor, or painter, or architect. Without this sort of

encouragement and patronage, such arts as music and painting will never come into great eminence. In this country there is no general reverence for the fine arts; and the sordid spirit of a money-amassing philosophy would meet any proposition for the fostering of art, in a genial and extended sense, with the commercial maxim—*Laissez faire*. Paganini, indeed, will make a fortune, because he can actually sell the tones of his fiddle at so much a scrape; but Mozart himself might have languished in a garret for any thing that would have been done for him here."

"The more I see of modern pictures, the more I am convinced that the ancient art of painting is gone, and something substituted for it—very pleasing, but different, and different in kind, and not in degree only. Portraits by the old masters—take for example the pock-fritten lady by Cuyp—are pictures of men and women: they fill, not merely occupy, a space; they represent individuals, but individuals as types of a species. Modern portraits—a few by Jackson and Owen, perhaps, excepted—give you not the man, not the inward humanity, but merely the external mark, that in which Tom is different from Bill. There is something affected and meretricious in the Snake in the Grass, and such pictures, by Reynolds."

His forebodings as to our future destinies, will not find any willing believers at least.

"Naturally one would have thought that there would have been greater sympathy between the northern and north-western States of the American Union and England, than between England and the southern States. There is ten times as much English blood and spirit in New-England as in Virginia, the Carolinas, &c. Nevertheless, such has been the force of the interests of commerce, that now, and for some years past, the people of the North hate England with increasing bitterness, while, among those of the South, who are Jacobins, the British connexion has become popular. Can there ever be any thorough national fusion of the Northern and Southern States? I think not. In fact, the Union will be shaken almost to dislocation whenever a very serious question between the States arises. The American Union has no *centre*, and it is impossible now to make one. The more they extend their borders into the Indian's land, the weaker will their natural cohesion be. But I look upon the States as splendid masses, to be used, by-and-by, in the composition of two or three great governments."

"The possible destiny of the United States of America—as a nation of a hundred millions of freemen—stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, living under the laws of Alfred, and speaking the language of Shakspeare and Milton, is an august conception. Why should we not wish to see it realized? America would then be England viewed through a solar microscope; Great Britain in a state of glorious magnification! How deeply to be lamented is the spirit of hostility and sneering which some of the popular books of travels have shown in treating of the Americans."

The opinions of Coleridge on the necessity of a national church, will find few advocates here; but his extreme illiberality to dissenters, serves to prove how often the strongest intellect is allied to the vilest and most ignorant prejudice, and that the poet uttered no fiction, when he characterized an eminent man, "the greatest, meanest of mankind."

"The National Church requires, and is required by, the Christian Church, for the perfection of each: for, if there were no national church, the mere spiritual church would either become, like the papacy, a dreadful tyranny over mind and body, or else would fall abroad into a multitude of enthusiastic sects, as in England in the seventeenth century. It is my deep conviction that, in a country of any religion at all, liberty of conscience can only be permanently preserved by means, and under the shadow of, a national church—a political establishment connected with, but distinct from, the spiritual church."

"I sometimes hope that the rabid insolence and undisguised despotism of temper of the Dissenters may at last awaken a jealousy in the laity of the Church of England; but their apathy and inertness are, I fear, too profound—too providential."

THE CHANGELING HEART.

IMITATED FROM THE OLD ENGLISH.

I.

COME, thoughtless wanton, ere we part,
 I'd have thee now restore to me,
 As young and pure, the gentle heart,
 That, thoughtless, once I gave to thee.
 Oh, say not nay—
 Without delay,
 Come, set the hapless captive free.

II.

And Oh, be sure thou hast not play'd
 Too wanton with the trust I gave,
 Till, all unworthy it is made,
 For thee to give, or me to have ;—
 Bring it still pure,
 As when, of yore,
 I gave it up to be thy slave.

III.

Each kiss, too, I would have again,
 That sealed our vows and bound us both ;
 What though thy lips mine own must stain,
 Yet must I take them, nothing loth ;—
 Then, say with me,
 Now are we free,
 From every binding pledge or oath.

IV.

Ha ! what is this ?—Is this my heart,
 This thing of rents, and wounds, and wo ?
 And must I with a pledge depart,
 Once sound and fresh, now tatter'd so ?—
 Oh, gipsy, thou,
 I see it now,
 A changeling this, thou bringest, I know.

V.

Such heart I may not bear away,
 Such kiss were not for me to take ;
 How can my lips again assay,
 The fresher conquests I would make ?—
 Oh, witch, Oh, vain
 To hope again,
 That bond, thy subtle spells, to break.

S.

FIRE ISLAND ANA.

CHAPTER II.

"*Peter.* 'I will promise you, I will sing another song in praise of angling to-morrow night; for we will not part till then; but fish to-morrow, and sup together, and the next day every man leave fishing, and fall to his business.'

"*Venator.* "'Tis a match; and I will provide you with a song, or a catch, or a merry tale against then, too, which shall give some addition of mirth to the company; for we will be civil and merry as beggars.'

"*Piscator.* "'Tis a match, my masters. Let's e'en say grace, and turn to the fire, drink the other cup to whet our whistles, and so sing away all sad thoughts. Come on, my masters, who begins? I think it is best to draw cuts, and avoid contention.'"

IZAACK WALTON.

"Ex urbe ad mare huc prodimus pabulatum:

Pro exercitu gymnastico et palaestrico, hoc habemus,
Echinos, lepadas, ostreas, balanos captamus, conchas,
Marinam urticam, musculos, plagusias, striatas."

PLAUTUS—RUDENS, ACT. I, SCE. I.

It is meet, and commendable in a veracious traveller, upon his arrival in an undiscovered country, to note, and register the appointments of his hostelry. Record we, therefore, circumspectly, an inventory of our new tenement and comfortable head-quarters. Oh, for a pen worthy of the grave, and dangerous, obligation! Hope not, proud dweller in houses with chimneys, for a vision of gorgeous brick and mortar, nor the architectural glories of granite magnificence, nor the adornments of pompous garniture. Ask not for needless chairs, nor seek superfluous tables; no, nor the vanities of boarded floorings. Simplicity and republican thrift constructed and apparelled the edifice. Babylon nursed the young saplings, which, lopped from their sprouty trunks, and into the sand-hills driven deep, incline their leafless tops bending to meet each other at the culmen, where, through the ragged crater, the beaten smoke struggles against the impetuous gales, mounting from the central fire built beneath, upon the primeval hearth of circling anchor-stones. Captain Dodd threshed the oats out of the straw, which, now intertwined and closely thatched between the unpeeled rafters, repels the whistling storm, with its thick envelopment. No unshut doors creak on their unoiled hinges, letting in the cold air; nor windows tempt the passing juvenal to throw stones. The spumal piscators have ingress by a hole cut through the straw near the ground, bending down upon their knees. The mansion glories in two avenues of entrance. Eurys breathes upon the one; sleepy Phœbus, going to bed, paints with doubtful purple, the other;—inlets beloved by baymen, safe avenues of escape from the

rough assaults of the puffy servants of Æolus, who are always cruising about the beach. Hail! hospitable holes! A piece of stranded ship-timber furnishes a safe street-door, secured by a laid up stone: the wind is shut out, and the tired family sleep. "*Exegi monumentum*"*—I have built the hut.

Contemplate, now, the household ornature. Enter, welcome friend. Stoop, stoop—"Bend, stubborn knees."^a And now recline upon this couch of wholesome straw, which carpets the whole area of the domicil. The dying coals shed but uncertain light upon the congregated groups of sleepers, and dimly give to sight the motley equipage of the crew. There they lie, "each in his narrow cell,"^b or rather, each in his little stramineous dormitory, which, once appropriated, is sacred to the bones of its peculiar tenant. There sleeps, and snores the worn-out bayman: "*—structis cantat arenis.*"^c There, the safe proprietor deposits his pea-coat, private liquor, and unusual blanket; confident in the honor of his comrades, unless the weather should happen to be savage, when, doubtless, he will watch diligently. No idle space remains, save the brief circle around the fireplace, which serves, in turn, for parlor, dining-room, and kitchen. The tapestry and hangings are various, and picturesque. The subject of the illustration is the blessed beauty of utility. Up against the sapling uprights are fastened shelves, unconscious of the plane; and rust-browned hooks, and nails, disclose their alternate heads and points, where lie, or are suspended, or are thrust into the straw, the luxuries and superfluities of the squad:—"Αρχεῖν ἀσπίδες"—

"Begin, ye nine, the sweet descriptive lay"—^d

to wit: a jug of molasses; item, a black-edged, broken, pack of playing-cards; item, a love-feast Hymn Book; item, six inches by two of looking-glass—quicksilver half off; item, a bunch of mackerel; item, an extra pair of party-colored pantaloons, nineteen times mended in the seat; item, something to take, by way of medicine, for thirsty members of the Temperance Society; item, the first two leaves of "the Swearer's Prayer"—tract—rest used up; item, the American Songster; item,—but the inventory will "stretch out to the crack of doom:"—most imaginative reader, complete the catalogue with guns, eel-spears, clam-rakes, powder-horns, and bread-baskets, with their appurtenances, according to thy most fastidious desires. There are all of these, and more, for thee to choose from. Having resolved the difficulties of the selection, wend back with me, a short way, to our landing place, and

* Horace.

^a Hamlet.

^b Gray.

^c Ovid.

^d Theoc. I. Idyl. per Cobbett.

know a new friend with whom we ought to have tarried on our way, and held a brief discourse.

We have crossed the bay, skirting by the Fire Islands, leaving them a few hundred yards behind us to the north, and have rested our prow upon the classical sands of Raccoon Beach.

Upon our arrival here, we put in alongside of the new wharf of the eximious Mr. Smith, a person of no little importance, being a man under authority, having a wife over him, a keeper of their majesties', the people's, lighthouse, adjoining his own tenement, duly appointed and commissioned, a lawful voter, a licensed vender of "spurrets and things accorden," and the only householder upon the island ridge. Mr. Smith had the happiness, in early life, of being blest with parents of taste, in matters of nomenclature, singularly coincident with that of my own. His christian name was Jeremiah, too; and, (perhaps, because his surname was unusual, and difficult to pronounce,) his friends and visitors always gave him their greeting, by the gentle and euphonious appellation of "Jerry."

I always thought it was kind in Jerry to take out that license: first, upon his own account, because it brought him company that could give him the news from the upland, now and then, and the correct time of day, and a little odd change occasionally; and secondly, upon the account of the aforesaid company, because they could always rely upon getting something to comfort their inner man, good, when they landed from their long adventure across the bay. And in good sooth, these are not few, nor melancholy visitors, who make their pilgrimages to this romantic region. Pilgrimages? Aye; for here is a shrine most generous and propitious, to the bayman, the sportsman, the bather, and the beach-frolicker. How often have those dark waters been sprinkled, as with rain, with the spent lead of the skulking shooter, and the clear air rent with the oft echoed crack of his heated fowlingpiece! How often has that winding beach drank the glad voice of the merry maiden of Queens, as she welcomed to her bosom the mounting swell of the ravenous ocean tide! How have rung the blithe laugh, the half-stifled scream, the shriek, the prayer, the confident voice, mingling, and confused, with the splashing plunge, and the breaking billows! Oh, days gone by! gone by, alas! for ever! Shall I never wind my arm again around the gentle waist of—Hold, hold, rash hand! Be comforted, sorrowful heart!—It is nothing, most discerning reader,—it is nothing.—Let us hurry on with our legitimate raptures.

Then, again, old Neptune's sea-steeds never snuffed the land-breeze from a more delicately pebbled strand; nor did goddess nature ever paint a sheet of scenery more glorious, than that which lies beneath, and above, and around you, when gazing, in the quiet solitude of your eyry, in a summer's twilight, from the topmost ~~ce~~ ment of that light-

house. There, from the south, comes the many-voiced ocean, sporting like a mighty musician, running his wild notes upon the hollow-sounding shore. Majestically, he lifts upon his billows, his fleets of gallant ships, hailing the prayed-for land, and heaves them aloft towards Heaven, as if vaunting the richness and multitude of the gems that glow upon his restless bosom. Near by, in the west, he has burst through, in some night of rage, his ancient barrier, and rolls an impetuous current along the Fire Island inlet. Beyond, lies the dismembered remainder of the beach; and beach, and marsh, and breaker, and blue-shore, succeed, in turn, as far as eye can reach. Turn to the north, and the quiet bay presents to you the contrast of its transparent mirror. Stilly, and gently, it kisses the margin of its beautiful islets, that glisten with green meadows, and wave with bending rushes, and are vocal with the music of the dowitcher and plover. The wood-crowned hills of Matowacs bound your vision. Matowacs! Garden of Columbia! Paradise of sportsmen! Mother and nourisher of a noble race of hardy freemen!

We have not time for any more glorification at present. As the happy laureat of Blackhawk would say, "sufficient for the day is the gammon thereof." The reader understands now, sufficiently, all the necessary topography. It may be well, however, to add that Raynor Rock's fishing-hut was about two hundred yards from our landing place, and an equal distance from Jerry's domicil and the lighthouse. After securing our boat, we unloaded her, and carried our oars, and guns, and traps, to Jerry's, and took lodgings. This was for form sake merely, knowing, as we did, that the most of our time would be spent in the bay, or in Raynor's hut. Jerry was not in a very amiable mood when we arrived, and we had, none of us, any especial commendation to tarry long, except, perhaps, Oliver, who came rather reluctantly out of the kitchen, where we found him, as usual, helping the help. However, we soon got away, and started for Raynor's, bearing the always easy burden of a jug of special stuff, which we had brought along for the purpose, and which we knew would not come amiss of a rainy night. A hop, a skip, and a jump, a few times repeated, brought us to the welcome which has already been recorded.

"Lay on more wood. Zoph, get a pail of water. What's the news in York? When did you come down? Left your things at Jerry's? Had supper? A'nt ye hungry? What'll ye drink? Boys, get that ere bass—stir, stir. Sit down, Oliver; sit down on this pea-jacket."

We were soon comfortable around a blazing fire, and rattling off the usual small-talk of old acquaintances. As a matter of course, supper was provided for us, after the manner of fishermen. As there was some simplicity and labor-saving about this preparation, I will, in all benevolence, impart to the superintendents of pot-hooks and trammels, and epicures in general, the details thereof.

First, the fire being recalled to life upon the hearth of circling stones, a temporary crane was formed by uniting above the curling flame, the heads of three opposite-crooked sticks, whose sharpened ends were secured in the ground. Upon this machine was hung the iron pot; it was the only one, and so far as dimensions were concerned, it was perfectly qualified for all its various vocations. This being filled from Jerry's well, a noble bass, a captive of the last tide, was introduced into the element. The lid was put on, the flame went up, and in a little time a low bubbling grumbling noise was heard, that Oliver said made him feel as though several families had lately moved out of his ventricular tenements. The bustling Zoph blew the kindling coals, with his lungs for a bellows, bending down until his lips came in contact with the very ashes.

"*Studet maxime, ut olla ferveat, ut accuretur prandium,*" said I to Ned, quoting some old schoolboy slang,—I don't know where I got it,—in an under tone, pointing to Zoph.

"No, I thank you," replied Zoph, turning half-round to me, having caught the sound of the last word, and interpreting it into an invitation—"I daresn't drink *brandy* on account o' sprainen my foot."

I accepted the offered credit without the slightest compunction of conscience. Ned taught me that virtue. "*Accipio*" is a fond, familiar word. It is a favorite maxim with Ned, that a man so seldom gets an honest acknowledgment for what he does do, that it is only a fair recompense to pick up a little reputation, when he can, for what he does not do.—But the fish.—Well, fire and water did their duty, and the bass was stretched upon a pewter platter, ready for the knife, and set down in the midst of the company.

"Cooked, glorified, and made beautiful, by the irresistible genius of hickory wood," cried Ned, making a theatrical flourish, and clapping a quarter of a pound of his subject-matter into his mouth, in the place of the last word that went out.

A general distribution of platters having taken place, and two or three hunks of rye-bread being tumbled upon the straw, with butter, and pepper, and salt according, our jack-knives were soon in requisition, every man cutting and eating "on his own hook," and, in a very short time, a very audible sound of mastication went around the fireplace, and up even into the secret places of the roof. The fish was good, glorious; it was so lately out of the water. "*Piscis nequam, nisi recens.*"* That old saw is as true now, as it was in the time of the oyster-loving poet who created it. By-the-by, I take credit here for being the first ichthyologist that has ever used that sentiment in its literal sense. Its author, and all his quoters, pedagogues and all, have, I believe, invariably

* Plautus.

applied it only in its metaphysical capacity. It is set down in some one of my juvenile study books, as being the Latin for "a new broom sweeps clean." There is not the slightest doubt on my mind, that the memory of the quaint thought was most diligently flogged into me at school, and that, for its present apt illustration of my sentiments concerning fish, my sympathetic reader is indebted to the vigor and goodwill of the right hand of some one, or more, of those worthy people, whose delightful task it was, in former times, to teach my young ideas how to shoot, and to thresh me. A good deal of Latin was instilled into me in that way, but as it has leaked out principally, I generally try to make myself intelligible in English. Ned and I are both fond of it, though, and we talk our secrets in it a good deal; but what we manufacture, does not always rise above the dignity of hog-latin. Uncle Ben likes to hear us "jaw" in it, as he terms it; he says he thinks "it's got such a sanction to it." Touching fish, Searson has a doublet, which that much neglected, and truly American poet, no doubt, thought good:—

"What pleasure have the seamen with fresh fish;
Pleasing to catch, but better in the dish."*

The idea is simple, and the versification innocent; but I question the morality of the sentiment. It is most distinctly Epicurean.—But, supper.

"You needn't wash that ere pot," said one of the crew, whom I did not recognise, to Zoph, as he emptied the fish-water out doors. "You know what was into it last."

"It's as good as new," replied Zoph, returning. "Hand us that ere jug."

The vessel referred to being replenished, now, jack-of-all-trades-like, commenced the performance of the functions of a tea-kettle, or rather of a chocolate cauldron. After pouring in about a quart of molasses, the officiating cook opened his jack-knife, and, bending over the pot, began to cut and scrape upon a dusky-colored oblong cake, and he stuck to his task, until the whole block had fallen in dust into the water. Then, the mixture being stirred with the end of a broken eel-spear, the process of blowing was repeated. As to what was to come out of this composition, I felt seriously uncertain. However, the fire crackled, and we cracked our jokes, and the pot boiled over, and then they took it off, and set it down again by the hearth. They called it chocolate. As good democrats, they had a perfect right to do so, and I impeach not the propriety of the baptism. We drew ourselves around it upon our haunches, and fixed our eyes upon the smoking liquid. While I was deliberating how we should ever get the stuff to our lips, one of the boys handed us each a pine stick, about a yard long, to one end of which

* "Mount Vernon, by John Searson, a rural, romantic, and descriptive poem, which it is hoped may please, with a copperplate likeness of the General."

was fastened a shell of that capacious clam, commonly known and described as the *skimmaug*.

For the satisfaction of the curious in the philosophy of language I will here remark, that of the orthography and etymology of this testaceous name, I must confess myself to be most lamentably unadvised. I am inclined to believe, however, that the word is aboriginal, and that skimmaugs were the shell-fish which the Marsapeag Indians used to send, in olden times,—before they were civilized out of their wigwams and hunting-grounds, and before wine and whist had usurped the dominion of water and grouse in the region of Lif Snedecor and Ronconcommer Pond,—by way of tribute to their more powerful red brethren of the continent. I am confirmed in this opinion by one of the papers of that highly valuable and extensively accessible institution, the New-York Historical Society, in which is communicated the interesting fact, that the Delaware tribe, or Lenni Lenapes, who claimed Matowacs as a colony, were an uncommonly pisciverous nation. I spoke to Uncle Ben upon the subject once, and asked his opinion. He told me that he “couldn’t say for sarten, whether it was Ingen or Dutch, but he reckoned he’d heerd his grandfather say that the savages was high for fish,” and the old man added, without intending to pun, “Yes, yes, them Delawares was amazen *clamorous* people.*

Upon the introduction of these wands, I was at a loss to imagine to what desperate purpose they were to be applied, and apprehended a musical festival, or an Indian war-dance. But the active hands, and thirsty throats of my companions, soon enlightened my urban ignorance. These were spoons, veritable tea-spoons—spoons wherewith to sip our chocolate. And rapidly were they thrust into that steaming pot, ladling up and bringing back the dripping nectar of its contents. This was an interesting spectacle to contemplate. In sooth, it was expressly antediluvian. Forcibly was I reminded of that ancient and sententious maxim, “fingers was made before forks;” and of that other pleasant household phrase, “make a long arm and help yourself.”

“Can’t you make chocolate without having it so devilish hot, boys?”

“The fire was made of *split* wood, sir; that’s the reason.”

The explanation was perfectly satisfactory. I soon became expert in the handling of my instrument, and the constantly going and returning vehicles soon exhausted the receiver. Supper was done. So is this instructive chapter.

* *Vide* the N. Y. Hist. Soc. Lib., Vander Donk’s MS.—Heckewelder, do.—Mitchell’s Conchology of Matowacs.—Silas Wood’s History of Jerusalem, S. p. 254.

HORSE-SHOE ROBINSON.*

ON the first appearance of this very clever novel, we were prevented, by a press of original matter, from bestowing on it that deliberate notice to which it is most decidedly entitled; and, when we did at length find leisure to peruse it, so long a period had elapsed, that to review it in detail would have been equally useless and impertinent. It was, therefore, with sincere pleasure, that we saw it announced for a second edition, not merely that it gives us an opportunity of repairing our former omission, but that it goes to disprove the mistaken, or, to speak more correctly, the *misapplied* assertion, which has been repeated *ad nauseam* by every class of American periodical, that native talent meets no recompense, whether of reputation or emolument, until it has received the impress of English patronage!—The truth is, perhaps, that we were *formerly* a little too much subservient to foreign criticism, although, by the way, it is not easy to find a better test of merit, than in the pages of the Edinburgh or Quarterly Reviews, their literary judgment being always viewed with reference to their political opinions, by which they are unfortunately biassed. *At present* we believe the case to be very nearly the reverse! And we incline to think, that several late instances,—in which books, condemned on their first appearance in this country, have subsequently met with success, more or less decided, after republication and its accompanying puffery in England,—will prove that the condemnation has been just, and the later favor extorted, by the instance and exertions of the publisher. So far are we, at present, from being too severe in our strictures on books in general, that scarcely a work is sent forth from any influential press in the United States, however trivial in itself, without eliciting from half the periodicals of the day, applause the most unqualified. This is, indeed, a state of things much to be regretted, infinitely more so, in our opinion, than the position which we have here endeavored to controvert; and for the following reasons—In the first place, it is nearly self-evident, that a much larger proportion of young authors has been injured, we might say ruined, by ill-timed and indiscriminating praise, than by the opposite extreme of uncandid and ill-natured criticism. If a mind be made of the right stuff, an unjust application of the critic's lash will but stimulate it to fresh exertions!—Had Byron ceased to write, after the

* Horse-Shoe Robinson—a Tale of the Tory Ascendency—By the author of "Swallow Barn."

"I say the tale as 'twas said to me."

Lay of the Last Minstrel.

Two Vols. 12mo. Second Edition. Carey, Lea & Blanchard. Philadelphia. 1835.

bitter but, in our opinion, perfectly true censure of the "Hours of Idleness," we should have been *told* by thousands, that a poet had been birth-strangled by the barbarous reviewers—but we should have *believed* that his genius was neither essentially strong nor poetical,—that he had, in short, been justly silenced! But see the difference!—The genuine spark was in him—though undivulged to the world, perhaps unsuspected by his nearest intimates—the genuine spark of poetry was in him, and he was conscious of the fact—but it required the full sweep of Jeffrey's iron mace to strike it from the bosom of the flint!—Had he been received with praise, he would have puled and whined himself, as half a dozen other worthies we could name have done before and since, into becoming the idol of a coterie, and the laughing-stock of the world!—He was scourged for his weakness, and he instantly disclosed his might! Nor is this, as we have above stated, our only reason for crying out against the over-lavish use of literary commendation—the second is perhaps stronger than the first objection. If we have proved that over-tenderness is more hurtful to the rising author than over-harshness—so do we assert, that it is more grossly unjust to the veteran writer, and more widely detrimental to the community at large. It is unjust—evidently unjust—to heap the highest praise on the weak, though, it may well be, promising beginner, when we can give no more to the most elaborate, the most learned, and the most polished intellects stored with fruits of many a tedious year! It is detrimental to the community, as leading those, who depend on the minds of others for their opinions, to form false estimates, to confound mediocrity with excellence, and at last to lose the power of discriminating between good and evil. We have gone somewhat at length into this subject because we consider the fallacy mischievous. The fact is, that the sale of an American book does not in general depend on foreign criticism at all!—and, where this is the case, it is not that we have omitted to appreciate the clever work till our notice has been directed towards it by the force of foreign *criticism*, but that we have been cheated into yielding a reluctant approbation, to that which is not deserving of it, by the force of foreign *quackery*! and we would here add, that in our strictures on the spirit of our own periodical criticism, we do not intend by any means to attribute its faults to venality, or wilful error, but merely to misjudged tenderness, and to an amiable unwillingness to wound the feelings of any individual. There may be, and doubtless are, here, as elsewhere, corrupt and venal critics—*quibus omnia, honesta inhonestaque, vendere, mos est*—but we will do the justice to our contemporaries of stating that there is not one half the subserviency to publishers *here* among daily, weekly, or monthly, editors, that there is in England; where it is carried to such an extent, that we have long ceased to regard any notice of a book in any English periodical, excepting the Edinburgh and Quarterly—which we have

before said are often swayed by political enmity or favor—and the London Foreign Quarterly—which, alone, is perfectly liberal and honest—as worthy of the slightest credit, whether it be to censure or to extol!

But to return from our long digression to the immediate subject of our lucubrations, we consider Horse-Shoe Robinson as a very powerful work; highly interesting, wrought up with much spirit, and with occasional touches of deep pathos, abounding in situations of excitement, and, above all, possessing a distinctive and highly original character. Horse Shoe himself is the creation of a master-spirit; and, when we say that we consider him as perfect in his personal identity and authenticity as the Edie Ochiltree of Sir Walter, or the Hawkeye, Leather-Stocking and Trapper of our *lamented* Cooper; we consider that we do him full, and yet no more than full justice! Mary Musgrove is also a most exquisite being, soft, and delicate, and pure, yet strong withal and passionate; as will be easily discovered from the former of the two extracts, which we have selected as fair specimens of the entire work, and for the gratification of our readers. The sketches of Marion and of Tarleton are perfectly life-like; we can imagine nothing, in the range of the fictitious personification of historical characters, to surpass them, and we are not able to say whither of the two is the most deserving of admiration. Without further remark, we shall proceed to the quotation of the passage first alluded to, and if our female readers can peruse it with dry eyes, they must be made of sterner stuff than our critical selves.

“Let the body be lifted into the coffin,”—said Musgrove.

“The order was promptly executed by Harry Winter and the other troopers. In a few minutes afterwards, the rough boards which had been provided to close up the box or coffin were laid in their appropriate places, and Winter had just begun to hammer the nails into them,—when, from the outside of the cabin, was heard a wild and piercing scream, that fell so suddenly upon the ears of those within as to cause the trooper to drop the hammer from his hand.—In one moment more, Mary Musgrove rushed into the room, and fell prostrate upon the floor. She was instantly followed by Andrew.

“God of heaven!”—exclaimed Butler,—“here is misery upon misery.—This poor girl’s brain is crazed by her misfortune. This is worst of all!”—

“Mary, Mary, my child!”—ejaculated Musgrove, as he instantly raised his daughter into his arms.—“What madness has come upon you, that you should have wandered here, to-night?”

“How has this happened, Andrew?”—said David Ramsay,—all speaking in the same breath.

“When Mary heard,”—replied Andrew, in answer to his father’s question,—“that you had all come to Gabriel Drummond’s to bury my brother—she couldn’t rest content,—and she prayed so pitifully to come after you, and see him before they put him in the ground, that I thought it right to tell her that I would come with her. And if I hadn’t she would have come by herself,—for she had got upon her horse, before any of us were aware.”—

“I couldn’t stay at home, father,”—said Mary, reviving, and speaking in a firm voice,—“I should have died with a broken heart.—I couldn’t let you come to put him in the earth, without following after you.—Where is he?—I heard them nailing the coffin—it must be broken open for me to see him!”

“These words, uttered with a bitter vehemence, were followed by a quick movement towards the coffin, which was yet unclosed; and the maiden, with more composure than her previous gestures seemed to render it possible for her to acquire, paused before the body with a look of intense sorrow, as the tears fell fast from her eyes.

"It is true—it is too true—he is dead!—Oh, John, John!"—she exclaimed, as she stooped down and kissed the cold lips,—“I did not dream of this when we parted last night near the willows.—You did not look as you do now, when I found you asleep under the rock, and when you promised me, John, that you would be careful, and keep yourself from danger,—if it was only to please me. We were doing our best for you then, Major Butler—and here is what it has come to.—No longer than last night he made me the promise.—Oh me,—oh me! how wretched—how miserable I am!”—

"Daughter, dear,—said Allan Musgrove,—“rise up and behave like a brave girl, as, you know, I have often told you, you were.—We are born to afflictions—and young as you are, you cannot hope to be free from the common lot. You do yourself harm by this ungoverned grief.—There’s a good and a kind girl!—sit yourself down and calm your feelings.”—

"Musgrove took his daughter by the hand and gently conducted her to a seat, where he continued to address her in soothing language,—secretly afraid that the agony of her feelings might work some serious misfortune upon her senses.—

"You are not angry with me, father, for following you to-night?"—said Mary, for a moment moderating the wildness of her sorrow.

"No, child, no.—I cannot be angry with you; but I fear this long night-ride may do you harm."—

"I can but die, father,—and I would not step aside from that."

"Recollect yourself, Mary,—your Bible does not teach you to wish for death. It is sinful to rebel under the chastisements of God.—Daughter, I have taught you, in your day of prosperity, the lessons that were to be practised in your time of suffering and trial.—Do not now turn me and my precepts to shame."

"Oh, father, forgive me.—It is so hard to lose the best, the dearest."—Here Mary again gave way to emotions which could only relieve themselves in profuse tears.

"In the meantime the body was removed to the outside of the cabin, and the coffin was speedily shut up and deposited upon a light wagon-frame, to which two lean horses were already harnessed, and which waited to convey its burden to the graveyard.

"All is ready,"—said Winter, stepping quietly into the house and speaking, in a low tone, to Musgrove.—“We are waiting only for you."

"Father,"—said Mary, who, on hearing this communication, had sprung to her feet,—“I must go with you."

"My child!"

"I came all this way through the dark woods on purpose, father,—and it is my right to go with him to his grave:—pray, dear father, do not forbid me. We belonged to each other, and he would be glad to think I was the last that left him—the very last."

"The poor child takes on so,"—said the wife of Drummond, now, for the first time interposing in the scene,—“and it seems natural, Mr. Musgrove, that you shouldn’t hinder her. I will go along—and, may be, it will be a comfort to her, to have some womankind beside her.—I will take her hand."

"You shall go, Mary,"—said her father,—“but on the condition that you govern your feelings, and behave with the moderation of a Christian woman. Take courage, my child, and show your nurture."

"I will, father—I will:—the worst is past—and I can walk quietly to John’s grave,"—replied Mary, as the tears again flowed fast, and her voice was stifled with her sobs.

"It is a heavy trouble for such a young creature to bear,"—said mistress Drummond, as she stood beside the maiden, waiting for this burst of grief to subside:—“but this world is full of such sorrows."

The only material fault that we have to allege against the plot, is a something forced and unnatural in the character of Mildred Lyndsay the heroine, and the puerility of her brother Henry, although we are compelled to acknowledge that they serve as admirable foils to the stronger personages, and that some of the most exciting incidents, and best descriptions, occur in the course of their fantastical wanderings, as will be seen in the following splendid sketch of Marion’s bivouac and foray. The heroine, Mildred, in travelling across the country on her way to seek the favor of Cornwallis for her lover, Major Butler of the continental army, who is a prisoner under sentence of death as

a spy—is belated with her escort, Horse Shoe and her youthful brother, in the forests. They take refuge in the hut of a woodman, who is *out* with the whigs, being hospitably received by his wife—are roused from their slumbers by one of Marion's riders,—bearing the appropriate *non de guerre* of Bloody Spur,—with the news of the approach of a tory party which is plundering, murdering, fire-raising, throughout the whole vicinity. In this predicament, they are compelled to throw themselves on the protection of the famous partizan, whose encampment, person, followers, and night-alarum are thus graphically narrated!—

“The scout conducted our adventurers along a by-road that led round the head of a marsh, and through several thickets which, in the darkness of the night, were penetrated with great difficulty; during this ride he interrogated Horse Shoe as to the events of the late inroad of the Tories. He and his comrade had been stationed upon the path where the sergeant encountered them, to direct the outriding parties of his corps to the spot of Marion's encampment,—the policy of this wary officer being to shift his station so frequently, as almost equally to defy the search of friend and foe. Peyton and Wingate were both expected, and the trooper who remained behind only waited to conduct them to the commanding officer, who had, since the disappearance of daylight, formed a bivouac in this neighborhood. Marion's custom was to order his reconnoitring parties to return to him by designated roads, where videttes were directed to repair in order to inform them of his position—a fact which, as his movements were accomplished with wonderful celerity and secrecy, they were generally unable to ascertain in any other way.

“At length, emerging from the thicket, and crossing what seemed, by the plash of the horse's feet, a morass, the party, under the guidance of the scout, came upon a piece of thinly-timbered woodland, which, rising by a gentle slope, furnished what might be called an island of dry ground, that seemed to be only accessible by crossing the circumjacent swamp. Upon this spot were encamped, in the rudest form of the bivouac, a party of cavalry, which might have amounted to two hundred men. Several fires, whose ruddy glare had been discerned for the last half-mile of the journey, were blazing forth from different quarters of the wood, and threw a bold and sharp light upon the figures of men and horses, imparting a feature of lively, picturesque beauty to the scene. The greater portion of the soldiers were stretched beneath the trees, with no other covering than the leafy bowers above them. The horses were picketed in the neighborhood of their riders,—and the confused array of saddles, sabres, muskets, rifles, and other warlike implements, that were hung upon projecting boughs, or leant against the trunks, as they caught the flashes of the frequent fires, seemed to be magnified in number equal to the furniture of thrice the force. Sentinels were seen pacing their limits on the outskirts of this company, and small bodies of patrols on horseback, moved across the encampment with the regularity of military discipline. Here and there, as if regardless of rest, or awaiting some soon-expected tour of duty, small knots of men sat together amusing themselves, by torch-light, at cards; and, more appropriately, others had extended their torpid frames in sleep upon their grassy pallets and knapsack pillows.”

* * * * *

“But a few moments elapsed before the light of the torches, gleaming upon his figure, disclosed to Mildred the approach of a person of short stature and delicate frame, in whose step there was a singular alertness and rapidity. He wore the blue and buff uniform of the staff, with a pair of epaulets, a buckskin belt, and broadsword. A three-cornered cocked-hat, ornamented with a buck-tail, gave a peculiar sharpness to his naturally sharp and decided features; and a pair of small dark eyes twinkled in the firelight, from a countenance originally sallow, but now swarthy from sun and wind. There was a conspicuous alacrity and courtesy in the gay and chivalrous tone in which he accosted Mildred—

“General Marion, madam, is too happy to have his poor camp honored by the visit of a lady. They tell me that the Tories were so uncivil as to break in upon your slumbers to-night. It adds greatly to my grudge against them.”

“I have ventured,”—said Mildred,—“into the field of war, and it does not become me to complain that I have met its vicissitudes.”

“Gallantly spoken, madam!—May I be allowed to know to whom I am indebted for the honor of this visit?”

"My name is Lindsay:—my father resides at the Dove Cote in Virginia:—under the protection of my brother and a friend, I left home to travel into Carolina."—

"A long journey, madam,"—interrupted Marion;—"and you have been sadly vexed to-night, I learn.—We have a rude and unquiet country."

"My sister and myself,"—said Henry,—"counted the chances before we set out."

"I would call you but an inexperienced guide, sir,"—said the general, addressing Henry, and smiling.

"Oh, as to that,"—replied the youth,—"we have an old soldier with us—Horse-Shoe Robinson—hem—Stephen Foster, I meant to say."

"Horse-Shoe Robinson!"—exclaimed Marion,—"where is he?"

"Mr. Henry Lindsay, general, and me,"—said the sergeant, bluntly,—"have been practising a lie to tell the Tories, in case they should take us unawares—but it sticks, you see, in both of our throats.—It's the true fact that I am Horse Shoe, himself. This calling me Stephen Foster, is only a hanging out of false colors, for the benefit of the red-coats and Tories upon occasion."

"Horse Shoe, good-fellow, your hand,"—said Marion, with vivacity,—"I have heard of you before.—Miss Lindsay, excuse me, if you please,—I have business to-night, which is apt, impertinently, to thrust itself between us and our duty to the ladies.—Richards,"—he continued, addressing a young officer who stood near him,—"see if you can find some refreshment that would be acceptable to the lady and her brother.—Horse Shoe, this way; I would speak with you."

Marion now retired towards the place where the writing materials were first noticed, and entered into an examination of the sergeant, as to the particulars of the recent attack upon Wingate's cabin.

Before Robinson had finished his narrative of the events of the night, a horseman dashed up almost at full speed to the spot where Marion stood, and flinging himself from his saddle, whilst his horse stood panting beside him, asked for the general.

"How now, Bloody Spur! What's the news?"—demanded Marion.

"The Black river hawks are flying,"—said the soldier.

"I have heard that already,"—interrupted the chieftain,—"Tell me what else."

"I staid long enough to secure Wingate's cattle,—and then set out for the river to cut loose the boats at the Ferry. I did it in good time. Four files followed close upon my heels, who had been sent a-head to make sure of the means of crossing. The fellows found me after my work was done, and chased me good three miles. They will hardly venture, general, to swim the river to-night, with all the thievery they have in their hands;—and I rather take it they will halt at the ferry till daylight."

"Then that's a lucky cast, Dick Peyton,"—exclaimed Marion,—"Ho, there!—Peters,—wake up that snoring trumpeter. Tell him to sound 'to saddle.' Come lads, up, up. Gentlemen, to your duties!"

Forthwith the trumpet sounded, and with its notes every thing asleep started erect. Troopers were seen hurrying across the ground in rapid motion; some hastily buckling on broadswords and slinging their muskets; others equipping the horses;—and everywhere torches were seen passing to and fro in all the agitation of a sudden muster. As soon as Marion had set this mass in action, he repaired to Mildred, and in a manner that betokened no excitement from the general stir around him, he said—

"I owe you an apology, Miss Lindsay, for this desertion, which I am sure you will excuse when you know that it is caused by my desire to punish the varlets, who were so ill-mannered as to intrude upon your slumbers. I hope, however, you will not be a loser by the withdrawal of our people, as I will take measures to put you under the protection of a good friend of mine,—the widow of a worthy soldier,—mistress Rachel Markham,—who lives but two miles from this, and whose hospitable mansion will afford you a shelter more congenial to your wishes than this broad canopy of ours. A guide shall be ready to conduct you."

"Your kindness, general,"—said Mildred,—"puts me under many obligations."

"Horse Shoe shall take a line of explanation to my friend,"—added Marion.—"And now, madam, farewell,"—he said, offering his hand.—"And you, master or mister Henry,—I don't know which—you seem entitled to both—good night, my brave lad:—I hope, before long, to hear of your figuring as a gallant soldier of independence."

"I hope as much myself,"—replied Henry.

Marion withdrew, and by the time that he had prepared the letter, and put it into Horse Shoe's hands, his troops were in line, waiting their order to march. The general mounted a spirited charger, and galloping to the front of his men, wheeled them into column, and, by a rapid movement, soon left Horse Shoe and his little party, attended by one trooper who had been left as a guide, the only tenants of this lately so busy scene. The change seemed almost like enchantment. The fires and many torches

were yet burning, but all was still, except the distant murmur of the receding troops—which grew less and less, until, at last, there reigned the silence of the native forest.”

Here with a few brief observations in conclusion, we shall take leave of this striking book, recommending it strongly to the notice of our friends, and assuring them, that if they once begin it, they will not lay it down till they have thoroughly perused it. We by no means wish to hold it up as a faultless work, or as one incapable of much improvement; but, if constant action—a sufficiency of hair-breadth 'scapes, strongly-marked character, considerable powers both of dialogue and of description, can satisfy and please, we dare promise both satisfaction and pleasure. The chief faults are the want of probability and interest, as well as of strength of portraiture, in the love story, which we miss the more from the brilliancy of the other *dramatis personæ*; an occasional prolixity—the work would be improved by the excision of some fifty or eighty pages—and a more than occasional carelessness in style, and want of grammatical accuracy.—The scenes which we have selected are not perhaps the most exciting, nor even the most brilliant, but may be taken as average specimens of a very considerable majority of the book; and whosoever is gratified by these, as, if he be not, he must be strangely fastidious, will deprive himself of much delight, if he neglect to seek a farther acquaintance with the author of *Swallow Barn* and *Horse-Shoe Robinson*.

CLYTEMNESTRA'S GREETING.

FROM THE AGAMEMNON.

Quenched were the secret fountains of my soul,
Whence flowed the ceaseless stream—exhaust of tears,
The sources of my sorrow had run dry!
Long widow-watchings on my lonely bed
Wore out my weary eyes!—At eventide,
By the neglected lamps, I sat alone
In silence and in gloom.—At dead of night,
Erect I sprang from agonizing dreams,
If but the buzzing night-fly's silly strain
Fell on the porch of my distracted ear!
Now—when this anguish is o'erpast—I hail,
I hail my husband—as the guardian dog,
Defender of the fold—the anchored rope
That saves the ship—the massy pillar old
That props the roof-tree of some lordly hall—
The sole-begotten of an aged sire—
The cry of land to storm-tossed seaman's heart—
A glorious morrow beaming from a night
Of storm and darkness—yea! a living well,
Greeting the wanderer's lip at pitch of noon.

FROM THE LETTER-BOX.

MESSRS. EDITORS,—I am delighted with your idea of printing the contents of your letter-box—it is a charming plan—it gives such a good opportunity to us, the *unfledged*, or scarce-fledged, to try our pinions in a short and humble flight, before we attempt to soar aloft in an article, a whole article of our own—besides, even for the fully-fledged and high-flying authors, it has its advantages—then they can throw in their thoughts just as they rise in the brain—can allow the spirit to flow, fresh from the still, without the necessity of bottling, corking, sealing, and getting it ready for market. I suppose, by-the-by, that I ought to apologize for this spontaneous simile—it is not the thing, these temperance days. But to return to your letter-box—'tis an excellent plan—and let me tell you, peculiarly appropriate and much required in the American Monthly, for in very truth, there is something not a little formidable in the idea of writing for the American Monthly. Now, Messrs. Editors, please not to smile and erect yourselves into dignity—supposing that it is formidable because you, the editors, are so very wise—not at all—you have nothing to do with it. 'Tis because it is stereotyped. Common printing has lost somewhat of its dignity, since the penny papers, so that even we, I think, can stand being printed very well, but being stereotyped is quite another affair—to be cast into solid plates—there to remain, unchanged, unchangeable, for ever—the thought overwhelms me.—To be stereotyped—Good Heavens! they stereotype Johnson, and Shakspeare—and by the way, what an elegant edition of Shakspeare that is of Dearborn's—so clear, so clean, so workmanlike in the printing, and then the outlines—quite capital.—Now only think of my ideas being cast into the same furnace where Shakspeare has been molten. I never could endure it; to tell the very truth, had it not been for this, I should have attempted an article long ago—but that mysterious "H. W. Rees, typ." at the corner of the Magazine cover, frights my soul, and makes me rather choose that my young thoughts, sweet fancy's callow brood, should die in silence, and leave the world—or the Printer's Devil—no copy, than trust the younglings in the hands of H. W. Rees, typ. Now the letter-box does away with this in part—I shall not have a plate all to myself—some very clever fellow, united with me, may give zest and flavor to my insipidity—so that with his souchong, and my sugar and water, we may make quite a decent jug of toddy together. *Quæ cum ita sint*, as Cicero says—I will write a scrap for the letter-box—now to begin.

If there be any general principle, in the truth of which I have entire and perfect confidence, it is this—that no human creatures are ever so

foolish as your very wise people, and that it is possible for such to attain, by a process of what they call ratiocination, (that's a long word Mr. H. W. Rees, see that you mould it right,) to a degree of absurdity compared with which the ordinary folly of every-day silly people, is as the wisdom of Solomon. It is amazing to see to what a degree they carry it—how soberly, how steadily they will go down every round of the ladder, till at last they step off in the region of perfect absurdity.

I have met with some very striking instances—one occurred the other day. These fellows never arrive at the true pathos, but by a long argument—indeed, I don't believe you can reach it in any other way—to attempt it at one move, is like trying to get to the bottom of the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, at a single spring. No, you must creep, and climb, and take a deal of pains, and then you may get to the very, very bottom. But to return to my story. This fellow, after an argument, satisfied himself that Dr. ——'s geology was of more value to mankind than all Sir Walter Scott's novels.—What do you think of that? Do you think a fool could have said that? Combine, concentrate, and bring to a focus all the folly of all bedlam, and it would not approach it! 'Tis hardly necessary to say that this man is *par excellence*, a man of sense—a wise man—writes A. B. M. D., and half the letters of the alphabet after his name. Yet Dr. ——'s geology must be preserved, even though Waverly, and Guy Mannering, and Ivanhoe, and all the rest are lost. He would preserve the farthing candle, by the light of which he, and some other scientific worthies, search out the pebbles beneath their feet, "tell their numbers and call their names," even though all the bright stars that form that glorious constellation, the Waverly novels, should sink beneath the intellectual horizon, and be seen no more. One such instance ought to establish my theory, but I can give a hundred more. Hear———make a great constellation argument—then hear him make a pun. Read the Eulogy on La Fayette, and then remember Ebony and Topaz.

Ah! you think I am on dangerous ground—perhaps so—and I will quit it instantly.

LAUNCE.

THE WATCHERS.

'Tis midnight, and the Watchers are on high—
 The living Watchers from the throne of grace—
 Starring the dark and lustrous canopy
 With drops of diamond glory!—Who can gaze
 Upon their wild and melancholy light,
 Nor deem them sent—not the mere lamps of night—
 As lanterns to his soul, to guide his steps aright?

H.

SERENADE.

I.

WANDER, wander here,
 Fair maid, for sweet's the fountain
 That trickles down, in streamlets clear,
 From yon towering mountain.
 Fly, while day is high,
 Joy will here delight thee;
 Lovely are the field and sky,
 Where I now invite thee.

II.

Leave, O, leave the crowd!
 Its unvarying measure,
 Mixed of simple, mean and proud,
 Has no touch of pleasure.
 Fly, where life will spring,
 With rosy mouth, to meet thee;
 Where the laughing joy will bring
 Many a song to greet thee.

III.

Not a cloud is there,
 In the morning's splendor,
 And the sky, for ever fair,
 Has each evening tender.
 There the song that meets
 Your lingering ear at even,
 Morning gaily still repeats,
 As she springs from Heaven.

IV.

Then, my sweetest, fly,
 Where the laughing hours
 Skim, along a clear blue sky,
 Over beds of flowers,—
 There thy cheek will glow,
 There thine eye will glisten,—
 Love for ever glad to vow—
 Beauty glad to listen.

M. E. S.

THE FORTUNES OF THE MAID OF ARC.

THE VICTORY.

Talbot.—Hark, countrymen! either renew the fight,
Or tear the lions out of England's coat;
Renounce your soil, give sheep in lion's stead:
Sheep run not half so timorous from the wolf,
Or horse or oxen from the leopard,
As you fly from your oft-subdued slaves.

KING HENRY VI.

A week had passed since the relief of Orleans;—a week of stern repose, of inaction, that was but preparatory to most fierce activity. A week, like the brief breathless pause between the mustering of the storm-cloud and the first crash of Heaven's artillery. Within the walls of the relieved city—unexpectedly relieved from a state of the most abject despair—the aspect of affairs was widely changed! Instead of the pale cheek, the whispered doubt or open lamentation, the cringing step, and the frame already bowed to the earth with apprehension, might be seen the bold and fiery glance, the manly front of confidence restored, the firm and martial stride! Without—there was a change, if possible, more clearly visible; a change from earth-defying valor to superstitious dread, and coward indecision. It was in vain that Bedford, Salisbury, and Talbot, those thunderbolts of war, in war's most stirring days, did all that men might do, to dispel the craven fear, to relume the drooping valor of the selfsame soldiery, before a score of whom, a short week passed, hundreds of steel-clad Frenchmen would have fled, without one good blow stricken, or one charger spurred to meet the onset. Nay, more than all, it was in vain, that one transient gleam of fortune smiled on their arms, that one hour of victory checquered the now wonted tale of their disasters. That very smile of fortune, that very glimpse of victory went farther to confirm the gloomy doubts, which were rising up on every side to mask the sunset of their declining hopes, than the relief of Orleans had already gone, or than would ten fair defeats with marshalled front and fruitless fighting. They had repelled, it was true, —nobly repelled, and with decisive energy, a fierce attack upon one of the bastions, erected by the far-sighted regent to protect the lines of his blockade;—they had driven the hot-headed lords of France before them, as had been their wont in days of old,—had chased them to the very sally-ports, from which they had so lately issued, “defying earth and confident of Heaven”—Nay, so complete had been their success, that for a moment they believed the city theirs—but the MAIDEN was not there! Her sacred banner fluttered not in the retreat—nor had

her battle-cry, "God aid—God aid, for France and vengeance!"—been heard in the advance! But as they reached the city-gates, pursuers and pursued, in wild confusion, like the clear tones of a trumpet, they pealed upon the air—reanimating the faint hearts and failing hands of France's routed sons, and striking with the cold chill of dismay to the hearts of England's bravest—the well-remembered cadences of her war-shout! Springing from the couch, to which she had retired during the heat and weariness of noon, she had buckled on her armor, vaulted on her charger, and, with a dozen knights and squires chance-collected for the rescue, had galloped forth, in time to save the rash assailants from the fate which their temerity had well deserved, and once again to drive the English lion from before the walls of Orleans!

It was then evident—undoubted as the sun at his meridian—that against the maiden's banner there could be no victory; remove that magic obstacle, and with its wonted brightness blazed forth the British valor; uplift it, and the hearts were shaken, the arms paralyzed, the confidence abolished, which, more than either heart or hand, had well-nigh justified the title of the English monarchs to the subjugated crown of France. Still was there nought of craven shrinking from the contest, no thought of flight, or even of abandoning their conquests. No! not in the meanest sutler in the camp! That stubborn hardihood, that dogged insensibility to defeat, that passive endurance of extremities after hope itself is dead, which has ever been the characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon race, from the fated day of Hastings to red Waterloo, was *there* displayed in all its vigor. The privates, whether men at arms or archery, held to their posts in cool defiance, and mustered around their banners, if not with their accustomed alacrity, at least with readiness and prompt submission! Nor would one of the sturdy knaves have shrunk from or shunned the contest, with the best Paladin in the court of Charles—but striving to outrance against the banner, in the teeth of which he deemed his valor fruitless, and victory impossible, he would have fallen unyielding, with his wounds in front, and his heart undismayed!

Such was the state of things in either host, when a general assault of the English lines, at every accessible point, was resolved on by the maiden and her council. The day was fixed for the attack, at nearly a week's distance, nor was ought of concealment or surprise so much as meditated! On the contrary, defiances were interchanged between the leaders of the hostile armies, and more cartels than one were given and accepted for mortal combat, at the head of their several divisions, and at places clearly specified! The very sentinels at the extreme outposts, between whom but a few yards of unobstructed turf, or perhaps some puny brooklet, intervened, exulted in the prospect of a meeting under shield, face to face!

The expected morning had at length arrived, but the sun rose not in his accustomed brightness—the sky was black and overcast, a dense

mist rose, like a body of packed smoke, from the low-lands, above which the occasional elevations of the country, crowned with the castellated dwellings of the nobility, or with the gothic steeple of some village church, loomed like distant islands, while it would have required no wild stretch of fancy to discover in the bastions of the invaders, decked with their broad banners and their woods of lances, a resemblance to a fleet becalmed, and idly waiting a renewal of the breeze.

The hour was yet early, when mass was finished in the high cathedral; the sacred host had been displayed to the reverential soldiers, as they filed onward, troop after troop, bending their mail-clad knees, and veiling their victorious standards, as they passed the ministering priest, and received his patriotic benediction, accompanied by showers of holy water, and followed by the pealing anthems of a full and noble choir. Meekly and humbly had they knelt before the shrine—the young monarch and his lovely champion!—All armed, save that their casques were held without by page and squire, had they partaken of the eucharist; draining, with lips that soon should shout the unrelenting war-cry, or perchance quiver in the pangs of violent and sudden dissolution, the typical blood of the Redeemer; and receiving, with the hands that soon must reek with human gore and wield the mortal weapon, the consecrated pledge of their salvation.

The rites had been concluded, the army was already marshalled on the plain under the guidance of its subalterns!—and now, with their attendants—banner-men and esquires of the body on gallant steeds,—varlets and couteliers on foot, but trained to run beside the charger of the lord with their huge knives, misnamed of mercy, and heavy pole-axes,—the leaders galloped from the rear to their respective stations.

Slowly the mist had been dispersing beneath the influence of the sun, and of a light air from the eastward, which seemed to increase with the increasing redness of the east, although the vapors still clung heavily to the level plain. The monarch and the maiden had reached the centre of their lines—Alençon's banner might be seen on the extreme right, though its quartered bearings were invisible from the distance and the darkness; Vendôme and Bourçicaud had announced their presence on the left by bugle-note and bannér-cry; but it was around the person of the king, and of his bright associate in arms, that were mustered the pride and flower of France's chivalry! Gancourt, and La Fayette, Graville, Xaintrailles, De La Hire, and the dark Dunois, each with his chosen band of lances, each, with his bannerol displayed, a knight of high renown, were gathered there, amidst a sea of waving plumes and sparkling armor.

"The time hath come, my liege," cried Joan—"the time hath come, when you shall see your foemen scattered before your lances, like chaff before the wind of Heaven! And lo! a signal shall be given even now, and in that signal shalt thou conquer! When the first blast of our

trumpets shall be heard abroad—when the first roar of our ordnance shall awake the slumbering echoes, then shall this cloudy tabernacle be rent in twain. Then shall the bright day-star shine down in unobstructed glory, to witness, and to aid our daring!—To your posts, nobles and knights, to your posts!—and, when the signal shall be given from on high, let each one couch his spear, and spur his steed, For France—for France and Glory!”

“Away, Xaintrailles, away to these knave canoneers, and let them lay their ordnance fairly, and load it heavily!” cried Dunois—“and, when they hear a royal-trumpet, let them shoot on while fire and linestock hold!”

The clash of hoofs was heard, and ere a moment had elapsed the youthful warrior, with his train, was lost in the near mist-wreaths.

There was a pause of deep deep silence!—Joan sat upon her motionless and well-trained charger, gazing aloft, and towards the east, with a calm searching eye;—not the wild glance of doubt or of anxiety, but the steady gaze of confident and conscious faith, awaiting the confirmation of its promise. With the speed of light had the prophecy been rumored through the host, and—though every vizor was lowered, every buckler braced, and every lance lowered in preparation for the instant charge—though the advance of the enemy might be already noted, in the heavy tramp of the approaching squadrons, and in the occasional clang of armor—still every eye was directed heavenward, in keen anxiety for the proof of the prophet-maiden’s inspiration!

Was it indeed inspiration—was it the divine gift of foresight bestowed, on one most ignorant of the world’s wisdom, for high and holy purposes? Or was it that intimate acquaintance with the atmospheric phenomena, so often possessed by those whose duty it is to tend their flocks on the upland pasture or in the mountain-valley, operating now on her enthusiastic and zealous temperament, that caused the peasant-maiden to predict occurrences, which were in truth about to be fulfilled; thus deceiving alike herself and those who followed her?

The sounds of the approaching foemen rose clearly and more clearly on the ear; the very words of the leaders might be heard in the deep hush of expectation, and now, through the intervening mist, might be seen, dimly and ghost-like, the long array of the invaders! The maiden cast a quick glance to the king, and, catching his assent from the motion of his closed helmet, flung her hand aloft—

“Now trumpets!” she cried—“Sound! sound for France! Montjoye! St. Denys!”

A single clear blast arose—blown from the silver-trumpet of a pursuivant who stood beside her stirrup—shrilly was it protracted, without flourish or variation, till caught up, and repeated from a thousand brazen instruments! While their screaming cadences were yet deafening every ear, and thrilling every heart, a sharp crash, a deep hoarse roar, burst

forth on the extensive right! Crash after crash, roar after roar, the stunning voice of the newly-invented ordnance rolled along the front! For a moment's space the darkness was increased—the smoke from the artillery rolled thickly back upon the lines—there was a stir in the atmosphere, a quick shivering motion—a cold breath—the banners fluttered wildly—the feathers tossed, and fell again, and then streamed out at length, and all in one direction! A fresh breeze swept down from the eastward, and, like a huge curtain raised by unseen machinery, the whole volume of mingled smoke and mist surged upward, was swept violently away, and, in less time than the narration occupies, was curling in scattered vapors over the far horizon. As the fog lifted, the glorious sun burst forth, not gradually or with increasing splendor, but in one rich sudden flood of glory. The animated scene was kindled as if by magical illumination; from flank to flank, each host was visible—a line of polished steel, with its bright lance-heads twinkling aloft like stars, and its emblazoned banners of a thousand mingled hues, floating and nestling on the breath of morning.

Louder than the trumpet's clamor, louder than the thunders of the ordnance—as the maiden's signal was given, as she had said it, from on high—pealed the exulting shout of those assembled myriads. A thousand spurs were dashed into the horses' flanks, a thousand lances levelled, and a thousand different war-cries shouted aloud, as the French chivalry rushed to the onset. Their infantry had been drawn up in solid columns of reserve, while the archery and yeomen of the English force were posted within the lines, which were fortified by a long trench and palisade, strengthened at intervals by half-moons of stone, and masked by scattered shrubs and coppice. The charge was, therefore, horse to horse, and knight to knight; but fiercely as the main bodies rushed to the encounter, they were yet outstripped by a score of leaders, on either side, who galloped forth to redeem their plighted words, and win them glory before men, and love of ladies.

The king and Dunois were the foremost, but ere they had met their antagonists, a third rider was abreast of these!—The azure panoply and scarf, the chesnut charger, the slender form, and more than manly grace, announced the MAIDEN! Nor were the English champions slower in the shock—Talbot spurred out, and Salisbury, and young De Vere!—D'Alençon was opposed by Somerset, and the wise regent couched his lance against the breast of Dunois. On they came, with the rush of the whirlwind—a long series of single combats!—The bay destrier of D'Alençon went down before the spear of Somerset—but De Vere's life-blood streamed on the unsplintered lance of Bourçicaud!—The king had met the noble Salisbury in stout equality—their lances splintered to the grasp, their steeds recoiling on their haunches, told the fury of the shock!—The maid had couched her untried weapon against no less a warrior than the gallant Talbot, as she charged side by side with the

bold bastard! But, had the lance of that unrivalled warrior met with no more resistance than the virgin's feeble thrust, that day had ended her career!—Fair and knightly did she bear her weapon against his triple-shield, but his lance-point, levelled at her crest, encountered the bars of her elastic vizor; it caught firm hold, and spurring his steed more fiercely on, he had wellnigh borne her from the selle. But there was one who marked her peril!—Dunois, even in the instant of the shock, beheld her overmatched, and wellnigh conquered!—With a devotedness of valor well-worthy of the best cavalier of France, he turned his lance, from his own antagonist, against the helm of Talbot, meeting the overpowering charge of Bedford, with undaunted, although unresisting firmness. It was over in an instant—Talbot, although unharmed by the slight charge of Joan, was hurled to earth, as by a thunderbolt, on meeting the unlooked-for weapon of Dunois, in the same instant that his conqueror went down before the unhindered shock of Bedford!

The dark tresses of the maiden streamed upon the air, her ecstatic eye, her flushed brow, and speaking lineaments, were exposed to the brunt of battle; for the lacings of her casque had broken, and she had escaped being unhorsed, only by the scarce inferior peril of being thus violently unhelmed! Still she was unshaken in her seat, and, as she was borne forward by her mettled steed, swinging her bright *espal-dron* above her head, she looked rather an avenging angel, than a mortal warrior! In the rush, Bedford had been carried over his fallen antagonist, ere he could check his charger; and, as he turned to renew the combat, the maiden wheeled round likewise to rescue her preserver.

"God aid!" she cried—"God aid!—The virgin to the rescue!"—and as his eyes were directed downward to the unhorsed Dunois, who had already gained his feet and grasped his massive axe, she smote him on the casque with the full sweep of her two-handed blade. Sparks of fire flashed from the concussion, and the stout regent reeled in his saddle. Another second, and the axe of Dunois fell on the chamfront of steel that protected his charger's brow, and, dashing it to atoms, sunk deeply into the brain of the animal. Down went Bedford, and over him stood his conqueror, with his poniard already pointed to the barred vizor, and his deep voice summoning him to surrender. But the summons was premature, a score of English knights rushed to the rescue, while the king, with La Fayette, Xaintrailles, and De La Hire, bore down to the support of his companions. Long would it be, and tedious, to recount the deeds of arms that were performed, the brilliant valor that was there displayed. The *melee* was fought out by the best knights of France and England, and fought with equal vigor; but fate was, on that day, adverse to the bold invaders.—At this point in their line, and at this point only, did they hold the battle in suspense; in every other part of the field they were already foiled, and in retreat; and now, as the chivalry of Charles, by the defeat of their immediate opponents,

was enabled to concentrate their forces, Bedford, and Salisbury, and Talbot, whose backs no Frenchmen had ever seen before, were fain to extricate themselves, as best they might, and retreat to their entrenchments. Nor was this last effort successful, till they had left a fearful number of their best and bravest outstretched, never again to rise upon the bloody plain. Foot by foot, they retreated, bearing up dauntlessly against their overwhelming foes, and giving the foremost of their adversaries deep cause to rue their rashness! Bourçicaut fell, cloven to the teeth by Salisbury—the right-arm of La Fayette was shattered by the mace of Somerset—the blood was gushing in a dozen places from the sable armor of Dunois, and the golden panoply of Charles was broken, and besmeared with dust and gore.

Still not a man of those bold barons, but must have fallen, or yielded them to the courtesy of their antagonists, had not the tide of battle swept them, pursuers and pursued alike, to the vicinity of the British line. Then rose once more the jovial island shout—"St. George! St. George for merry England!" A heavy and incessant shower of cloth-yard shafts came sailing over the heads of the retreating party, and fell with accurately-measured aim, and terrible effect, into the crowded ranks of the pursuers!—Then came the roar of ordnance—in a dozen spots the ponderous balls of stone or metal ploughed their paths of devastation through the French columns; while under cover of their archery, the discomfited islanders filed slowly into their entrenchments—Charles drawing off his troops, in order to reform his array, and give his men brief space for refreshment and repose, ere he should make his final effort on the position of the half-conquered Bedford.

SIMILITUDES OF DEMOPHILUS.

*From the Phoenix,**

A COLLECTION OF RARE AND ANCIENT FRAGMENTS.

It may be said of boasting words, no less truly than of gilded arms, that their actual worth bears no proportion to their fair outward appearance.

A mistress is not to be preferred to a wife, neither is flattery to be preferred to friendship.

The reproof of a parent is a pleasant medicine, for the sweet ingredients predominate over the bitter.

Raillery, like salt, should be used in moderation.

There are times, when even wormwood is more acceptable to the taste than honey, and circumstances sometimes render an enemy of more value than a friend.

To listen to the advice of a treacherous friend, is like drinking poison from a golden cup.

Seldom is a ship wrecked in fair weather, but seldom, too, is she preserved without prudent management.

* For a brief review of this singular work, see the Miscellaneous Notices of the present number.—Eds. A. M. M.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

I.

QUEEN of the quiet night!
 Where roams my absent love?
 Drinks she with me delight
 Beneath thee, as I rove?
 Where roams she, say, O say!
 The loved one, far away?

II.

Zephyr! thy silken wing
 One little moment fold;
 Say—to her, wilt thou bring
 This message, thou art told?
 Then speed thee hence, and say,
 “He thinks of thee alway!”

III.

Star of the stilly eve!
 Does not her heart, like mine,
 Though far apart, receive
 Thine influence divine?
 Stay, sparkling planet, stay!
 Shine o’er the wanderer’s way!

IV.

I look upon the streams
 Of my own native river,
 And as the moon’s soft beams
 Upon its bosom quiver,
 I ask them, as they’re playing,
 Where is the dear one straying?

V.

Bend hither, gentle cloud!
 Flitting so gaily past,
 Come from the fleecy crowd,
 Fly not so far and fast!
 Thou wilt the wanderer see;
 O, bid her think of me!

VI.

Sweet bird! whose soothing notes
 Fall on my listening ear
 Like melody, that floats
 In dreams—now faint, now clear,—
 Go, speed thy noiseless flight,
 And sing to her “good-night!”

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES

OF

THE FINE ARTS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, THE DRAMA, &c.

THE LIFE AND IMPOSTURES OF MATTHIAS—*Wm. L. Stone—Harper & Brothers, New-York.* If there be any one subject, which, above all others, is and should be deemed important and interesting to a Christian community, it is the history of religion; and with the history of religion, the history of religious imposture must ever go hand in hand. To every well-disposed and thinking person, of whatever Christian denomination—nay, we will go farther, of whatever *religious* denomination he may be, whether his text-book be the Talmud, the Koran, or the Holy Testament—the close connexion between morality and religion, is an avowed and clearly-established fact. It has, therefore, in almost every country of the globe, been deemed essential to render religion a part of the government. That this practice has led to great, and, in many cases, to intolerable evil, cannot be for a moment denied—intolerance, persecution, illiberality, and unjust restraint of conscience, have been everywhere the fruits of church *establishments*, and it is now becoming rapidly the prevalent opinion, that no government can lay any claim to the praise of liberality, or even of political wisdom, which does not extend to every religious denomination absolute freedom of conscience, as of action. Our government has gone yet farther, and we cannot say, with any confidence, that it may not have gone one step too far! It is a difficult, and we grant it a dangerous experiment, to meddle in matters of this nature. It is a most arduous undertaking to define the point at which religion ceases and infidelity begins! but this we have no hesitation in holding up as our deliberate opinion—that, if by any means such a definition can be arrived at with any accuracy, the strong arm of the law should interfere, to prevent the growth and promulgation of doctrines openly and avowedly dangerous, impious, blasphemous, and utterly subversive of morality, truth, and government. That this is the tendency of doctrines, such as were preached by the unhanged miscreant to whom this work relates, no one can, we think, doubt—that any doctrines which secure to an individual the total and absolute obedience of his adherents, in matters the most repugnant to the natural feelings, impulses, and interests of mankind, must be dangerous to the state, can—if denied or doubted—be readily and briefly proved; nor can we, indeed, suppose that any person can doubt but

that the man—who could persuade a variety of individuals of either sex—individuals destitute neither of natural nor acquired sense—that he, a poor, needy, illiterate vagabond, was the Almighty—who could induce them to credit the possibility of an immediate resurrection of the dead, and yet more, induce them to continue in this faith, after the failure of his blasphemous attempt—that the man who could compel his blinded worshippers to sacrifice all their worldly possessions—all their freedom of intellect or action—all, in short, that men hold dear, or holy, to his despotic will—no person, we say, can doubt but that this man, had he been so minded, might have armed his followers against the law, might have compelled them to the commission of the most monstrous crimes against either private or public safety—might have led them to murder, and to treason, as easily as he did lead them to what can be termed nothing short of insanity.

No individual, claiming to hold the keys of heaven and hell, can fail of forcing all who believe in his claims, to the commission of anything. Nothing can be too gross for their belief—nothing can appear incredible, or impossible, or even sinful. The order of the being in whom they put their trust, is all-sufficient. If then this be the case, it is self-evident that no individual can possess such power, without materially threatening the safety of the state—and, therefore, no individual should be allowed by the law to hold such power. Full freedom of conscience—full exercise of all religious worship—full freedom of discussion, should be allowed in religion as in politics, and no farther. Should we for an instant suffer an individual to harangue our citizens on the propriety of erecting this or that man into an absolute autocrat—of selling the sovereignty of our country to Austria or to Russia—of arrogating to himself the right to exercise unlimited dominion over the lives and liberties of our confederation—can we pause in answering—not for an instant would we endure it!

And why then suffer an individual to harangue us on the propriety of abolishing that, without which no government can exist—we mean religion! For without some religion, no government ever has stood—no government ever will stand! The insanity of the French Revolution has already proved to us, that the idolatry of Greece and Rome—the fierce and fiendish superstitions of Druidism or of Mexico

—the stake and faggot of the inquisition—aye, the beast-worship of the senseless fetish—are all superior to the absence of religion. Nations have existed—nations will continue to exist awhile—wherein the very devils may be held as gods; but show us one wherein Atheism has prevailed, and we will prove that the fall of that nation has been as immediate, as it has been entire.

In what is it consistent to declare the usurpation of a little power—a little temporary political power—treason! and, at the same time, to hold the assumption of absolute, eternal, and immortal power, not even a petty misdemeanor. Can an individual assume to be God, without assuming to be superior to all men? If he cannot, then has he already committed treason!—or if, by existing laws, he has not done so, then should the laws be modified so as to render the future arrogation of supreme power by a mortal, treason. An individual claiming to set aside, by his simple fiat, the laws of marriage, claims, *ipso facto*, to set aside any other law—and all who believe that he can set aside one law, will, of course, believe at once that he can set aside any other. A god must be a king! A God incarnate, and believed to be a God, can, it is self-evident, supersede all kings or governments; therefore, in assuming to be a god, or the inspired prophet of a god, an individual commits political treason! We cannot but think that this must be intelligible and evident to all—and we do earnestly call upon our brethren of the daily press to take this matter up, to press it warmly, strenuously, and continually on the minds of men; it is of more importance than a thousand petty questions which are occupying their attention now—is of paramount importance, involving not merely the security or downfall of all temporary institutions, but the eternal welfare of, perhaps, an universe.

The history here laid before us, which has given rise to these reflections, is ably compiled, fearlessly candid, well narrated, and evinces throughout the right feelings of the author. It is not written—as has been falsely asserted—with the most remote view, with the slightest tendency to pandering to curiosity or lasciviousness. It is a fair meeting of a subject that ought to be met. It is an exposition of truth, combating and putting to rout a thousand rumors, worse and viler than the truth exposed! It is a truly valuable and useful book! and not merely useful in itself, but in the good that it will bring forth after it! In conclusion, we fully agree with the author in the opinion he has advocated concerning the religion of the over-religious. "All evil proceedings arise from good examples!" So said the pagan historian, centuries ago, and no day passes without

confirming the truth of his axiom. That religion can be carried to such an excess as to become sinful insanity, can hardly be denied—and we would that many of the makers of new systems, the discoverers of new sins, the Pharisaical contemners of society and social enjoyments, would confine themselves somewhat more closely to their scripture, as they might therein chance to discover that the Pharisees and Scribes of old were reproved as hypocrites, in that they said "this man consorts with publicans and sinners;" and might farther discover that they, like the Scribes and Pharisees, are condemning their Redeemer of uncleanness, of impurity, of intemperance, and of unfaithful ministry, as often as they inculcate the sinfulness of practices in which he saw no sin. The part of Col. Stone's book most worthy of notice is the chain of connected evidence, by which he proves the existence of a sect in this city, long before the advent of Matthias, who had so sublimated their notions of religion and of duty, that they were prepared for the reception of any creed, however monstrously improbable and impious it might be.

In one instance we do wish he had been more explicit—we do wish he had stated openly and at length, the names of the clergymen who were content to witness, in silence or at the best with a solitary feeble attempt at obtaining a hearing, the loathsome and disgusting mummery of Mr. Pearson's attempt to reanimate his wife. In our opinion, it was their duty, their absolute and unquestionable duty, to compel a hearing—to lift up their testimony against such foul profanity—and, if by violence their witness had been stifled, to shake the dust from off their feet, and to leave the frantic fools to their delusion, rather than to have lent the sanction of their presence to proceedings, which they must, whatever were their doctrinal differences and opinions, have deemed no less revolting in absurdity, than desperate in the delusion, which is sin.

We trust, indeed, that, if men be blind enough to see a lie and believe it truth, means may be taken hereafter to prevent the recurrence of an event, which we consider a fearful stain upon the city, the country, and the century, in which such things could be, could be believed, could be unpunished!

MY LIFE—By the author of *Wild Sports in the West* and *Stories of Waterloo*—Harper & Brothers, New-York. A singularly clever and amusing book, full of vivacity, interest, humor, and excitement. Not, perhaps, quite equal, in our estimate, to either of the foregoing works, each of which was perfect in its way; though to the generality of readers, its faults will scarcely be visible, so great is the rapidity

of action, so constant the succession of incident, and so well sustained the excitement throughout. By the way, it is rather a misnomer to term the two volumes *My Life*, inasmuch as two-thirds of the former are occupied by the life of the hero's father, and by the narrative of events which occurred before he was born. The range of incidents is immensely wide, from the victory of the French and insurgents under Humbert, at Castlebar, to the last struggle at Quatre Bras and Waterloo—from the ancestral domain and primitive festivities of the Blakes, to the cramping-house in the metropolis—and all are well, though certainly not equally well told. The Waterloo portion of the book strikes us, we confess, rather less forcibly than did the author's former work on the subject, owing, perhaps, rather to our preconceived expectations, than to any real inferiority in style or matter. It is evidently the account of an eye-witness, forcibly and dashingy described. The range of character is scarcely less wide than that of scene and incident,—with such originals as Philip O'Moore, it has not, we confess, been our lot to fall in, though we doubt not that it is a specimen of the *genus homo*, that may be of frequent occurrence in Connaught. The life of the cynic Captain Aylmer is too broadly touched, and wanting in probability; as is also the scene wherein our hero is gulled by the swindler in Drury Lane; and that, of still greater importance, wherein he is entrapped by Sedley, is of the same description. Jack the Devil is magnificent; it is, we can scarcely hesitate to believe, a full-length portrait—perfect to its smallest details—the dash, the wildness, the extravagance, the proneness to quarrel, the mercuriality, the natural wit, the invincible good-nature, the utter abandonment of heart, life, fortune, every thing, to the succeeding impulses of every succeeding moment, are all to the life—though Jack the Devil is, unfortunately, like an old English country-gentleman, becoming an animal of rare occurrence. The fighting colonel of the Coldstream, with his monomania on the subject of duelling, and his sound practical common sense on every other topic, is a sketch not less masterly than Jack the Devil; but to take the book as a whole, want of character is its fault; there is nothing in it that can compare with the picture of Hennessy, in the wild sports; there is another fault, the want of probability; and yet a third too much of low life—too many soubrettes—and too much kissing of them, which latter, though a very agreeable, and thoroughly Irish, mode of passing the time, is, on the whole—like many other things—better to be done than to be talked about. The defects, however, are but slight compared to the talent dis-

played, or to the entertainment, which is the result of that talent.

PASSAGES OF THE DIARY OF A PHYSICIAN—Harper & Brothers, New-York.—The papers which compose these two delightful volumes, appeared originally in the pages of that splendid, though misguided periodical—Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine—the attention which they there excited, has probably never been equalled by the effect of any other fugitive writings; they have been universally read, and as universally admired;—have been attributed to some persons of the very highest literary standing, and again to others who were manifestly incapable of writing them; and, strange to say, their authorship is still a secret. The two volumes, which have just issued from the press of the Harpers, consist of a series of scenes—for the most, death-bed scenes, though the events of some are gleaned from the course of an entire life—purporting to be set down as they occur in the diary of a physician of eminent and extended practice. It has been confidently asserted that these papers are not the work of a physician; which fact may be evident to the faculty from improper modes of treatment, as related to have been adopted—but which is quite sufficiently concealed from the understanding of the common reader. The scope of these passages is immensely wide—the Christian Philosopher; the Magdalen; the Man About Town; the Statesman; the Ruined Merchant; the Thunderstruck; a Scholar's Death-Bed; the Spectre-Smitten; and the Wife;—are among the number, and, perhaps, the most striking of the series.—Our favorites are, the Statesman—which we consider to be a most superb delineation of a mighty intellect worn out, as Canning's actually was worn out, by the difficulties, the littlenesses, the heart-burnings, the harassing and invidious opposition of creatures no more fitted to cope with himself, than jackals with the lion—and the Martyr-Philosopher, which is a beautiful, and, we trust, not unfrequent display of Christian fortitude under intolerable pain and sorrow. The Ruined Merchant is clever, but somewhat far-fetched; as are, in a yet greater degree, the Thunderstruck, the Spectre-Smitten, and the Boxer. They are, however, tremendously painfully exciting! They cannot but be read with avidity, and they will long leave an impression on the mind. In probability, perhaps in possibility, they are defective; but it is not within the power of human reason to withstand their wild and engrossing fascination. We read them years ago, on their first and periodical appearance—and such was our estimate of them then; we have again read them, when years have

passed over our head, and custom has in some degree, hardened our nerves, if it have not matured our judgment, and such is our opinion still. We doubt not but they will command a ready sale, and have a wide circulation. The avowed object of every tale is obviously moral, whether, however, such violent excitement tends to promote morality, we leave to the philosopher—conscious, that if the effect be evil, the predilection for that evil is so deeply engrafted in our natures, as to render all our efforts to restrain the mania for this species of reading, nugatory and vain.

THE MONIKINS—*By Fennimore Cooper—Carey, Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia.*—Alas for Cooper!—We well can recollect the time when at the announcement of a coming novel from the great American, our youthful heart would beat quick for weeks beforehand! When on its actual appearance we would fly into the exclusion of our college chambers—sport our oak—fling aside Euclid and Æschylus—and devote ourselves heart and soul to the influence of his graphic powers upon our spirit! We remember the time, when we have sat down at early evening to the pleasant task and read, unconsciously of time or place, through the long watches of the night, to start upon discovering as we laid down the book that our candles were actually glimmering and expiring in the full sunshine of morning! We remember especially that after we had got through the “*Last of the Mohicans*” our mind was for several days unstrung and unfitted for the graver and drier studies of the academy! And was not this an empire to be preserved at all expenses—an empire over the young unhackneyed imagination—over the heart while yet susceptible of bright and good impressions? Was this an empire to be rudely cast away—to be bartered for the thankless toils and doubtful reputation of a mere party politician! Alas! alas! for Cooper!—but we! we cannot, will not join in the yell of exultation which the multitude will ever raise over the fallen great! we may regret the madness—the vanity—the fall!—we may wonder and grieve over the prostrate temple—prostrate never again to rise—but we cannot forget that it was once a TEMPLE! To us it is not a matter of exulting joy to see a great man falling from his hardly-won and merited position, even if that which casts him down be suicide! we know—and we lament the knowledge—that nothing we can say—nothing that critics, abler and more renowned than we, can say—may turn him from his sad delusion, may convince him of his fatal error. We know that he

“Is led aside
By deep interminable pride!”—

and while we regret, we cannot wonder that it should be so—with the possession of great powers it is by no means unusual to find a want of discrimination as to the proper bent and direction of those powers. Nor is it strange that one who has so long walked the spheres, should fancy that he lacks not the means of guiding them. Mr. Cooper has sailed so long triumphantly before the winds of popular applause and admiration, that he now fancies himself able to sail *against* them! And we doubt not, when he has discovered the impossibility—not by the opinions of the critic whom he despises—but by the simple fact that people will not now either buy or read his books—he will regret the delusion of the people, will remain thinking, exactly as he now thinks, of his own genius, and of its legitimate direction, and will, perhaps, believe himself the victim of a conspiracy concerted for the purpose of making the world believe that which really is interesting and clever is dull and stupid!—we will *not* review the Monikins—we could say nothing for it—but that it is a monument of human delusion—a proof of the force of vanity and prejudice upon the most powerful minds—a waste of time, and thought, and talent—for it contains the evidences of all these—utterly, irretrievably, hopelessly, scattered to the winds. Alas! we say—for Cooper!

ANCIENT FRAGMENTS—*Wm. Gowen, New-York.*—A very remarkable compilation of rare and very ancient fragments in all the most remarkable of the world’s languages. From the Chinese of Confucius—the Persian of Zoroaster—from the Phenician of Sanchoniathon—the Punic of Hanno, and of Hiempsal—besides, Egyptian fragments of Manetho—Ammianus Marcellinus—Chæremón and others. Of the authenticity, we would observe, of the greater part of these fragments which do not, of course, exist at present in their original tongues, but merely purport to have been preserved in Greek or Latin versions, the greatest doubts are entertained by the riper scholars of the day. Whether, however, they be genuine or no, they are still valuable, as it is evident that the writers who forged them, if they be forgeries, believed that they were writing to the effect at least, of that which had been previously written by the pretended authors; and they therefore show the opinions, if not of the individuals to whom they are attributed, at least of persons of ability, who lived many centuries nearer to the periods they describe than ourselves, and who were therefore possessed of all those oral traditions—of all those now lost manuscripts—and of all those hundred other means of gaining information, which are to us a sealed book. This work is got up with great attention to neatness—the typography is

good, and the execution of the translations able. It is a book worthy of a place in a scholar's library.

THE INFIDEL: OR, THE FALL OF MEXICO—by Dr. Bird—Carey, Lea & Blanchard.—It is with pleasure that we announce a second edition of this clever work, in a very short space from our original notice of its appearance and merits. We rejoice to see encouragement extended to native works, when they are indeed works of talent. For our opinion on the pretensions of the *Infidel* we refer our readers to the earlier pages of the present volume; wherein they will find, that our opinions have been realized by the rapid sale and increasing demand for the *Infidel*. We have not learned that Dr. Bird is engaged on any forthcoming novel; though we presume that his success thus far will induce him to persevere in the course he has so judiciously chosen.

INDIAN SKETCHES—By John T. Irving, Jr.—Carey, Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia. There is, perhaps, no taste more widely diffused, or more truly characteristic of human nature, from the highest state of civilization and refinement to the lowest grade of barbarism, than the love of field sports, of woodland adventure, of forest life. In all ages of the world, and in all countries, instances have been frequent of men who have voluntarily quitted all the comforts, the elegancies, the intellectual and voluptuous resources of a polished society, for the keener excitement and more stimulating pleasures, that may be found in the blanket-hut of the vagrant gipsy, or in the shantee of the independent hunter. It is not, therefore, wonderful that sketches and narratives of this mode of life, in its most genuine state, should continue to be devoured with a zest, that is equalled only by the constant recurrence of supplies to meet the constantly increasing demand. To Americans, even in a greater degree than to other nations, this mode of life must naturally possess attractions! The natives of the land, dispossessed, within the lapse of a few short centuries, to make way for our own flourishing cities, wandering like ghosts—outcast, degraded, brutalized, deprived of all the natural virtues, without having acquired aught, save vice, from civilization—around the tombs of their fathers, are sufficiently familiar to all of our citizens, to render them anxious to learn something of those formerly puissant tribes, which have perished already from the scenes yet distinguished by their poetic and sonorous names. Nor is this all—there is enough even yet among us of tradition, of unforgotten oral tradition—the shaven warrior has played his part of desolation so recently, and so much within our own familiar circle, that the in-

térest has continued, although the fear has passed away. It is, therefore, not merely from the love of wild adventure that we seek for works like that before us—nor is it merely a satisfying of the vulgar appetite for marvels, to depict faithfully, and at the same time with spirit, the manners and habits of the few surviving tribes, which have preferred their independence to the graves of their fathers, and which with a true patriotism, worthy of more intellectual beings, have carried their liberty of motion and of will far from the council-fires of their people, into lands which knew not their names. There is no subject of greater interest to the philosophic inquirer, than the nature and mode of the population of this vast and isolated continent; and although it may not, and probably will not, ever be distinctly proved from what storehouse of the human seed the American aborigines derived their birth, still, at least, it will be possible to arrive at a certain degree of approximation, of possible, if not probable, conjecture. To this end nothing can tend in a greater measure than the inquiring into the habits, military or domestic, civil or religious—into the monuments, the traditions—and even into the generic distinctions of those tribes, that still maintain a precarious independence on the boundless prairies of the west. Within the last six months we have been gratified by the perusal of several different treatises on the far west, of which the book now before us, and one of a similar character by the more illustrious relative of the author, are not by any means the least remarkable. Of either work it might be safely predicated, that the great charm lies in the manner of relating, rather than in the importance of that which is related. From neither do we derive much new information, by neither are we rendered much wiser; but by both we are greatly entertained, with both we are justly pleased. Without quite asserting that the "Tour on the Prairies" is the best specimen of Mr. Irving's style, we consider it a beautiful specimen of the English language in its present form, and adorned with some of the most pleasing peculiarities of its gifted author. Without asserting that the "Indian Sketches" are at all equal to the Tour, we yet can discover a resemblance, which is anything but disagreeable. The same vein of quiet humor is here, the same general formation of style—although this book is often carelessly, and sometimes ungrammatically written—and, above all, the same medium through which to view events and scenery. The Indian Sketches are decidedly clever and original; they are very creditable as a first-offering from a youthful author, and promise, perhaps, even more to come hereafter, than they can be actually affirmed to possess.

